

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



NO. 481 (NEW SERIES 91) JULY, 1904

CONTENTS

THE LEGEND OF ABBOT ELSI.....	<i>By the Rev. Herbert Thurston</i>	1
A UNIQUE CATHOLIC EXHIBITION.....	<i>By John W. Gilbert</i>	16
THE FRENCH CLERGY AND ITS CALUMNIATORS.....	<i>By the Editor</i>	26
MATTHIEU DE GRUCHY.....	<i>By the Very Rev. Canon Foran</i>	38
A STUDY ON CHRISTIANITY AND CATHOLIC COPTS IN EGYPT.		51
THE NOVELS OF MISS YONGE.....	<i>By T. Elliot Ranken</i>	62
THE MEMBER FOR FAIRDALE. Chapters I.—IV.		
	<i>By Wilfrid Wilberforce and A. R. Gilbert</i>	70
FLOTSAM AND JETSAM		88
"Facit indignatio versus."		
The New History.		
The Influence of the Confessional.		
REVIEWS.....		98
LITERARY RECORD		III

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO
LONDON & ONE SHILLING



**MAKES THE BATH
LUXURIOUS.**

**MAKES THE HOUSE
CLEAN.**

For your bath ; for your clothes ; for your curtains ; for your
carpets ; for a great many more things at your address.

REPD PINT HALF THE PRICE AND REPD QUART
6^d DOUBLE THE STRENGTH OF 10^{1d}₂₋

Ordinary Household or Cloudy Ammonia.

Ammonia is a spirit, therefore should be clear, just as whisky, or
gin, or brandy should be clear. Cloudy ammonia is to be avoided
just as much as cloudy whisky, cloudy gin, or cloudy brandy.
You wouldn't have the latter, you shouldn't have the former - -

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining, on receipt of Post-Card we will forward name
and address of nearest dealer. Sample sent on receipt of three penny stamps.

CLARKE'S, 360, OLD KENT ROAD, S.E.

[In writing to Advertisers please mention The Month.

The Legend of Abbot Elsi.

THAT the English monk Eadmer, the secretary of St. Anselm, must be regarded as the sole author of the earliest known treatise upon the Immaculate Conception, seems to the present writer, after fuller examination of the evidence, to leave no room for reasonable doubt. Since the appearance of the article on Anselm of Bury, in the last number of THE MONTH, it has been possible to consult the important MS. 371, in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Not only does this collection of treatises unquestionably belong to the twelfth century, and probably to the earlier portion of that century, but the headings prefixed to the various items contained in it, are of contemporary date. Bishop Stubbs, who used this manuscript in preparing his *Memorials of St. Dunstan* for the Rolls Series, describes it as "either the autograph of Eadmer himself, or a copy taken directly and immediately from the original,"¹ and Dr. M. R. James, in his most valuable work on the *Ancient Libraries of Canterbury and Dover*, refers to this volume as exhibiting the typical "Canterbury hand,"² a characteristic form of writing which he associates with the foreign influences probably introduced into the Christ Church monastery by Archbishop Lanfranc. Now in this, beyond all comparison the most important codex we possess of the *De Conceptione*, we find a general title describing the contents as *Opuscula Edmeri Cantoris*, as well as a particular heading prefixed to the treatise: *De conceptione sanctæ Mariæ, editum ab Eadmero monacho, magno peccatore*. As already remarked

¹ All modern editors seem unanimous in their judgment of the importance of this MS. See, e.g., Raine, *The Historians of the Church of York*, i. p. xlix. Rule, *Eadmer's Historia Novorum*, &c., p. lxxxiii. seq. Liebermann, *Ungedruckte Anglo-Normannische Geschichtsquellen*, p. 302, who says of it, "Möchte es bald einer Gesamt-Ausgabe Eadmer's zu Grunde legen."

² That it comes from Christ Church is further proved by an addition in the text of the Life of St. Wilfrid. See Raine, *lib. cit.* i. p. 208, note.

in our previous article, it is hardly conceivable that such a description could be used by any one but the author himself, whereas, on the other hand, this rather pronounced self-abasement is in exact accord with all that we know of Eadmer from his other undisputed writings.¹

The only remaining question then turns upon the exact meaning of the word *editum*. It has been urged by Père Ragey in his monograph on Eadmer that *editum* means "edited." In other words, he believes that the treatise is really nothing more than Eadmer's notes of a sermon preached by St. Anselm, which the secretary took down at the time of its delivery, and eventually gave to the world in a more literary form. It would be tedious to state here the many reasons which make this solution appear to us highly improbable. Suffice it to note first that the *Cur Deus Homo?* and the *De Conceptu Virginali*, which certainly are irreconcilable with a belief in the Immaculate Conception,² belong to the latter part of St. Anselm's career, and that less than five years before his death he presented copies of both to the Pope.³ On the other hand, we may recognize in the *De Conceptione B. V. Mariæ* a certain apologetic tone which would be natural in one who like Eadmer was aware that his master's authority could be quoted against him.⁴ But what is most conclusive in

¹ See Eadmer, *Historia Novorum*, &c. (Rolls Series), Edit. M. Rule, pp. 313, 424, 425, 440; and *Historians of the Church of York*, Edit. Raine, vol. ii. pp. 1 and 59.

² If St. Anselm did at any time accept the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, it can only have been by a distinct and definite change of mind. No one who carefully studies the *Cur Deus Homo?* and the *De Conceptione* can fail to notice that in half a dozen passages or more the Saint expresses himself in terms absolutely inconsistent with a belief in our Lady's exemption from the stain of original sin. He states that the Virgin Mother was cleansed of that stain before she conceived our Blessed Lord, but was cleansed by her faith. (Migne, *P.L.* vol. 158, pp. 451, 420, 419, 416.) He repeats several times over the assertion that original sin affected all the human race save Christ alone (*ib.* pp. 425, 453, seq.), declaring that as regards St. Paul, "Apostolus omnes filios Adæ, excepto Virginis filio, peccatores et filios iræ in scriptis suis pronuntiat." I am glad to see that Père le Bachelet, in his valuable little treatise, is seemingly in entire agreement with what is here said as to the attitude of St. Anselm.

³ In his *Epistola*, Book IV. Ep. 55 (Migne, *P.L.* vol. 159, p. 233), the Saint asks that the two treatises referred to may be carefully copied to send to Pope Paschal (A.D. 1105).

⁴ This appears most conspicuously in a passage which has somehow been omitted in the text published by Gerberon, but which is found in the Corpus MS., and in nearly all others. The writer there seems clearly to anticipate that his belief in our Lady's exemption from original sin would be treated by some as opposed to Catholic doctrine, and he professes his willingness to abandon his view if the weight of authority is against him on the point.

"Quod si aliquis ipsam Dei Genitricem usque ad Christi annunciationem originali

the matter is the language used in the prefatory portion of other works ascribed to Eadmer in the same manuscript. The last item in the volume is headed :

Insipida quædam divinæ dispensationis consideratio edita ab Eadmero magno peccatore de beatissimo Gabriele archangelo.

Now it is inconceivable that any contemporary of Eadmer's at Christ Church, in which this manuscript was written, should so refer to a scholar who was universally respected both for his piety and his learning. Still less was it likely that if the treatise were in substance the work of the great St. Anselm it would be characterized by his faithful secretary as "dull" (*insipida*). No one could have prefixed such a heading but Eadmer himself; and when we read the first few sentences of the text which follows, it at once becomes plain that by the word *edita* Eadmer understood nothing less than authorship.¹ Thus he begins :

Quia me de nonnullis quæ corporeis sensibus subiacent scribentem deus sua gratia sæpe iuvare dignatus est, ita ut plurimorum voluntati iuxta quod ipsi fatebantur, vel rei veritate quam intelligebant, vel forte favore mei quem diligebant, suo iudicio satisfacissem, venit in mentem, nesio quo spiritu incitante, de beato Gabriele archangelo aliquid scribere, unde animum meum interim saltem ab importunitate vanarum cogitationum sequestrarem.²

Whether this plea of having been urged to write by others was a mere affectation or not, it is certain that Eadmer puts it forward almost invariably in the prefaces to his acknowledged opuscula. On the other hand, it seems equally clear that when he is really editing materials which he has derived from St. Anselm he says so plainly. The classical example is found in the *De Beatitudine Cælestis Patriæ*,³ the prologue to which explains the whole genesis of the treatise. But a not less interesting document is

peccato obnoxiam asserit, ac sic fide qua angelo credidit inde mundatam, [Cf. Anselm as quoted in the footnote above] iuxta quod dicitur *fide mundans corda eorum* — si Catholicum est non nego, licet altior consideratio mentem meam ab hoc divellat."

This "altior consideratio" almost seems to imply that the writer had at one time held with St. Anselm that Mary was cleansed from original sin by her faith in the angel's message.

¹ "*Edita* ab Eadmero" is a phrase frequently used of Eadmer's Life of St. Anselm; see Rule, *Historia Novorum*, p. 424, note, &c.

² MS. C.C.C.C. 371, p. 451.

³ In the MS. C.C.C.C. 371, this is called *De Beatitudine Perennis Vitæ*.

furnished by a Corpus MS., No. 457.¹ The compiler, presumably Eadmer, in sending his collections to Abbot Anselm of Bury, explains that he had habitually taken short notes of St. Anselm's discourses, but that these had been borrowed by other people who had copied them or failed to return them. He adds that he now sends to Abbot Anselm all that remained to him, and that readers must attribute to the great Archbishop whatever good they found there, while the shortcomings were to be laid exclusively at his own door. If these were the dispositions in which Eadmer sent abroad the precious notes, there seems little likelihood that he would have attached a heading to this tractate *De Conceptione*, claiming the authorship for himself without any qualification whatever. It may be worth while to quote a sentence or two of this address to the younger Anselm which must belong to the year 1113 or later.

Incipit prologus subiecti operis.

Compellis me, venerabilis Abbas et S. Romanæ Ecclesiæ Legate, Domine Anselme, ut quædam de dictis magnifici viri Anselmi, Cantuariensis archiepiscopi, avunculi tui, transumpta (ad te mittam), quæ cum loqueretur in communi, ut potui excepi, mihique soli ne memoriæ dilabarentur, litteris quam brevissime potui commendavi, penes me cupiens illa reservari. Verum a nonnullis me insciente cum inspecta fuissent, pars eorum transcripta, pars vero distracta. Hæc igitur pauca, utpote simpliciter exarata sunt, quæ remanserint in unum coarctata tibi transmissa, sic oro ut ab omni qui hæc legere voluerit suscipiantur, quatenus si quid in eis minus bene dictum repertum fuerit, non illius sed meæ parvitatibus sensu processisse sciat; si quid autem bene, eius ab ore sanctissimo derivasse credatur.²

In the face then of the truthfulness, and the seemingly honest self-depreciation which at all times characterized Eadmer's literary undertakings, it seems impossible to believe that he would have palmed off as his own a treatise which owed everything to the ideas of the Archbishop his master. It is much more likely that we owe the preservation of Eadmer's name in the Corpus MS. to the fact that it was copied for the

¹ My visit to Cambridge was too hurried to be able to examine the MS. carefully. In the Catalogues of Nasmith and Dr. M. R. James it is ascribed unquestioningly to Eadmer. But Mr. Rule, for some reason which he does not state, assigns it to the monk Alexander.

² I do not guarantee the exact accuracy of these words, very hurriedly copied without time for revision, but they represent faithfully the general sense of the original.

use of the Christ Church monks, who in any case were bound to know who the author was. In the copies sent abroad Eadmer may very possibly have insisted upon the suppression of his own name, and the treatise being found commonly associated with the Anselmian works in which Eadmer was interested will very naturally have been credited to the authorship of the Archbishop himself. *Habenti dabitur* may almost be regarded as a general law in these matters. Great literary reputations like those of St. Anselm and Grosseteste attracted to themselves any fugitive pieces which found favour with the general public and which could not be certainly assigned to any well-known writer.¹

In the light of the conclusion thus reached it will probably seem that the pains spent in our last article upon tracing the history of Abbot Anselm of Bury have been quite thrown away. There remains, however, a very curious problem to determine, perhaps the most interesting of all that meet us in the obscure history of our Lady's Conception feast. Who was the author of the Legend of Abbot Elsi, a composition also assigned to St. Anselm by the voice of almost universal tradition? Is it possible that in this instance at least, some confusion between uncle and nephew has attributed to the more celebrated of the two a writing which properly belongs to his younger namesake? Even although we may not be able to arrive at any final and certain conclusion, the reader, we think, will agree that there are points about the case which renders it very well worth discussing. For beyond the immediate issue the question has a bearing upon the origin of a notable department of mediæval literature—we mean the miracles of our Lady or Mary-stories (*Marienlegenden*) which have attracted so much attention of late years.²

But it will be advisable, perhaps, in the first place to recall in a few words the outline of the legend to which we refer, and

¹ A careful study of the phraseology of the *De Conceptione* would also I think show many points of resemblance with the undisputed works of Eadmer. Leaving this aside, it will be sufficient here to direct attention to the similarity of the argument used in Eadmer's *De Excellentia* to prove that our Lord after the Resurrection appeared first of all to His Blessed Mother, with that employed in the *De Conceptione* to show that if John was cleansed in his mother's womb, Mary must have been at least equally privileged.

² These stories have been exhaustively discussed by Professor Mussafia in various contributions to the *Sitzungsberichte* of the Vienna Academy, Historisch-Philosophische Classe. A most useful list of *incipits* is given by Father Poncelet in the *Analecta Bollandiana* for 1902.

to explain its importance in the extension of the feast of our Lady's Conception throughout Western Europe.

When St. Bernard about 1129,¹ in denouncing the celebration of the Conception feast of Lyons, referred to certain marvels which were quoted in its favour, it is highly probable that he was referring to the legend of Elsi, which must have been already in circulation before that date. Certain it is that in the proper lessons which the various local breviaries began to assign to the feast from the twelfth century onward, nearly all were content to reproduce the legend of Elsi as the true origin of the celebration, and we know that this account was often cited as the composition of Archbishop Anselm. An authority in the seventeenth century declares in fact that he had found this set of lessons in as many as seventy ancient breviaries,² and even quite recently a learned writer has appealed to the universal acceptance of the legend as a proof of its authenticity, claiming moreover that the attribution to St. Anselm is fully justified.³ It is in any case noteworthy that an English provincial council of 1328, which prescribed the observance of the Conception of our Lady on December 8th, refers its origin to St. Anselm,⁴ and that the pseudo-ecumenical Council of Basle, in the fifteenth century, approved a "proper" Office in which the lessons were taken from the legend of Elsi, and were formally attributed to the same holy doctor.

But let us come to the legend itself, which despite the fact that it exists in some eight or ten quite different Latin redactions, not to speak of the versions in English, French, and Old Norse, varies singularly little in its fundamental details.⁵ A very brief summary in English may here suffice, though it seems worth while to add in a footnote that form of the Latin story

¹ This is the date to which the Abbé Vacandard inclines.

² Many examples are quoted by Mr. Bishop and the Abbé Vacandard, and others might be added.

³ Ragey, *Eadmer*, pp. 242, seq. In spite of the research of which this writer gives proof, it must be confessed that both this and previous works of his are remarkable for an extraordinary absence of the critical faculty.

⁴ Lyndwood in his gloss on the decree quotes from the *Tractatus de Conceptione*, assigning it to Anselm. He himself, however, must be reckoned among the opponents of the doctrine.

⁵ There are very early rhymed versions in Norman French by Adgar and Wace, both belonging to the twelfth century. An early versified account in English appears in the *Cursor Mundi*, ll. 24,765—24,968. In Old Norse the legend is found in the *Mariu Saga* of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, which have been edited by Unger in *Det Norske Oldskriftselskabs Samlinger*, pp. 1,030, 1,031, where the name Elsi appears as Elphinus.

which appears to the present writer to have, perhaps, the best claim to be regarded as ancient and authoritative.¹

When William the Conqueror defeated Harold and became master of England, the Danes resented his assumption of authority in a country they claimed for themselves, and accordingly made preparations for an invasion in force. William heard of this hostile movement and despatched to Denmark a certain Elsi, Abbot of Ramsey, who had formerly been Abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, to obtain information as to what was going on. After some time spent on this mission Elsi obtained leave to return, but on his way back was caught in a storm. The vessel was on the point of sinking and all on board took to their prayers, when suddenly a vision was seen of a figure in pontifical robes who informed Elsi that if he wished to escape from this peril he must pledge himself to

¹ "Tempore quo normanni angliam invaserunt erat quidam abbas elsinus nomine constitutus in ecclesia sancti augustini anglorum apostoli, in qua ipse requiescit ceterique successores sui. Angliam autem subiectam normannis audientes daci, arma preparant ut ad eiciendos eos ab anglia convenirent. Cumque talia dux potentissimus normannorum wilelmus audisset, elsinum supradictum abbatem accersitum in daciam destinavit, ut inquireret si huius rei fama vera esset an falsa. At ille concitus in daciam venit peracturus iussa regis, atque se obtutibus presentavit regis, deferens ei munera missa a rege willelmo, ibique detentus est tempore non parvo. Postquam ibi fecisset multum temporis petita a rege licentia redeundi accepit; mareque ingrediens cum sociis, veloci cursu pervolat equora ponti. Cumque sic cum quiete navigarent ecce subito tempestas valida in mari exorta est, et cum spes salutis sive evadendi abesset, conversi ad dominum sic flagitabant auxilium. 'O deus potentissime, miserere nostri in hoc examine, ne maris tempestate absorbi (*sic*) sortiamur penas eternas.' Cumque talia et multa similia perorassent ecce subito quandam conspiciunt virum pontificatus infula decoratum proximum navi, qui convocans ad se elsinum abbatem his eum verbis affatur: 'Si periculum maris cupis evadere, si in patriam vis sanus redire, promitte mihi coram deo quia conceptionis matris christi diem solemniter celebrabis et observabis.' Tunc ille: 'Quomodo,' inquit, 'faciam vel in quo die?' Nuntius inquit: 'In VI idus decembris die celebrabis, et predica ubicunque poteris quatinus ab omnibus celebretur.' 'Et quali,' inquit, 'servicio iubes uti in hoc festo?' Cui ille: 'Omne servicium quod dicitur,' inquit, 'in eius nativitate, dicitur et in conceptione. Sic ubi *natalitium* in nativitate dicitur, *conceptio* in hac celebritate dicitur.' Postquam autem talia abbas audisset vento prospero flante anglicis littoribus adiungitur. Mox cuncta quæ viderat vel audierat quibuscunque potuit innotuit, statuitque in ramesiensi ecclesia cui ipse preerat ut hoc festum omni anno solemniter VI idus decembris celebraretur. Ipse vero quamdiu vixit solemniter ac devote celebravit. Celebratoribus huius solemnitatis diei detur a filio ipsius virginis pax et longa salus, et post transitum huius vite eterna requies concedatur in qua ipse regnat in secula. Amen."

This text is taken from MS. Cleopatra, C. x. (fol. 1,386), collated with MS. Addit. 35,122 (fol. 246), both of the twelfth century. It is also found in MS. C.C.C.C. 42, which is written in the "Canterbury hand" and belongs to the early part of the twelfth century, and also in MS. Arundel 346, of the early thirteenth century. The legend has previously been discussed by the present writer in THE MONTH for December, 1891.

celebrate the feast of our Lady's Conception every year on the 8th of December. Elsi having made the necessary promise and having ascertained that the Office to be said was the same as that used for the Nativity of our Lady, accomplished the rest of the voyage in safety and duly fulfilled his engagement by establishing the feast in his abbey of Ramsey, observing it faithfully for the rest of his days.

This strange story was rejected by Dom Gerberon, the Editor of *St. Anselm*, as a pure fiction, on the ground that the details mentioned in it could not be reconciled with the data of history. Moreover, the Abbé Vacandard has recently raised similar objections based on Elsi's signature in certain charters.¹ But however improbable we may consider the supernatural elements in this narrative, it must be owned that the external facts are quite curiously confirmed by our extant records; and the late Professor Freeman did not hesitate to recognize Abbot Elsi's mission to Denmark as historical. It would require more space to discuss the matter than can be well afforded here; but it may be said as the result of an attempt to study the evidence, that the at first sight insuperable difficulty of Elsi's signature appearing in a charter as Abbot of Ramsey, at a time when Aylwin, the previous Abbot, was not yet dead, and when Elsi himself was still Abbot of St. Augustine's, is completely cleared up by the *Ramsey Chronicle*. Moreover, it is most noteworthy that in two suspected but entirely independent charters to which Elsi's signature is affixed, the forms in which his attestation occurs, if somewhat unusual, are closely analogous in the two cases. In one of 1063, we find:

Ego Ailsinus Abbas hoc meum desiderium ad perfectum produxi et a rege hillariter suscepī.

In the other, fourteen years later, we read:

Ego Æilsinus abbas hoc munificentie donum a Rege petii et gratanter accepi.

It seems reasonably certain that Elsi had first been Abbot of St. Augustine's; that he was appointed Abbot administrator of Ramsey before the Norman Conquest, and that he was at some time absent in Denmark—which last fact is attested by the indisputable evidence of Domesday Book. Now Mr. Edmund

¹ In the *Revue des Questions Historiques*, 1897. The Abbé Vacandard is evidently unacquainted with much of the evidence quoted in the *Ramsey Chronicle*, p. 204, note, and in the *Ramsey Chartularies*, ii. 78; and iii. 174.

Bishop, as many times previously pointed out, has proved beyond all question that the Conception feast was observed at Winchester as early as 1025, and it is precisely from the Old Minster, Winchester, that Elsi was chosen to become Abbot of St. Augustine's. The Laud Manuscript of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle says plainly: *Tha geceas he* (King Edward the Confessor) *Æthelsige*¹ *munuc tharto of Ealdon Mynstre.*

Moreover, as pointed out in our last article, we have still at the British Museum the splendid Martyrologium of St. Augustine's Abbey, written possibly at Elsi's own instigation just before the Norman Conquest, and containing under date December 8th, the mention of the Conception feast of our Lady. Elsi, as we know from the story of Harold's last days, was a man given to visions and dreams.² He believed himself to have had some sort of supernatural premonition of victory before the Battle of Stamford Bridge.³ What wonder if on his return from Denmark he should have persuaded himself that he had been similarly warned at a time of peril to make a vow to keep our Lady's Conception feast at Ramsey even as he had seen it commemorated at Winchester and at St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and that he should have attributed to this vow his escape from shipwreck. It will be noticed on closer inspection that the story of the vision in its earlier forms in no way suggests that the Conception feast was not known in England before, but only that Elsi promised to introduce it in his Abbey of Ramsey. The belief that Elsi was the first to institute this commemoration only appears at a later date, and was obviously quite contrary to the ideas of the author of the *De Conceptione*.

One other minor corroboration of the story of Abbot Elsi's mission to Denmark may also be briefly noticed here. In the revolt of the Fen country when Swend invaded England (A.D. 1070—1071), the monks of Peterborough sent their relics

¹ There can be no doubt of the identity of the name Æthelsige with the Latin Elsinus, Ælsinus, &c. It is a name which appears in great variety of shapes. See Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, vol. iv. Note P. p. 749.

² Peter de Celles, emulating St. Bernard, wrote strenuously against the Immaculate Conception. When he ridicules his English opponent's "*phantasmata*," he is very probably hitting at the Elsi legend and other similar stories. It is curious to find Peter describing England as a land of visions bred by its watery climate, and contrasting French solidity with English levity. "*Non indignetur Anglica levitas si ea solidior sit Gallica maturitas.*" He declares accordingly: "*Certe expertus sum somniatores plus esse Anglicos quam Gallos.*" See Migne, vol. 202, p. 614.

³ This other supposed vision of Elsi's is discussed by Freeman in his *Norman Conquest*, vol. iii. p. 359.

for security's sake to Ramsey Abbey. When they demanded them back we are told a long story of the resistance made by Tubernus who was *prior* of Ramsey.¹ The absence of all reference to the Abbot seems to suggest that at this date Elsi had not yet returned from his distant mission, which is expressly declared in the earliest versions of the legend to have been long protracted.

But whether the legend of Abbot Elsi contains any fragments of true history or not, there can be no doubt as to its wide popularity and its consequent influence in the dissemination of the feast we are discussing. Not only is this vision one of the miracles most frequently met with, and one which occurs in almost every collection of Mary-stories; but it seems to have formed a nucleus round which other stories gathered. Thus in the so-called "Sermo" or "Exhortatio" *De Conceptione Beatæ Mariæ*, attributed to St. Anselm,² and still more conspicuously in the great *Mariæ* current in the fourteenth century,³ a group of miraculous incidents is recounted which are all made to convey the same lesson. Thus we have a story of a canon of Rouen drowned by devils while engaged upon some sinful intrigue. Our Lady, in virtue of his former devotion to her, rescues his soul from their clutches, and restores him to life on condition that he repents and celebrates her Conception annually on the 8th of December. Again, a certain cleric, the brother of the King of Hungary, is represented as changing his purpose of becoming a priest, and contemplating matrimony with an earthly bride. Our Lady appears to him, bids him take her for his spouse, and celebrate the feast of her Conception. He obeys her behest, and lives to become Patriarch of Aquileia. In both these cases we know that the same stories were originally told without any reference whatever to the feast of the Conception. It is therefore clear that this development was deliberately introduced at a later period with the object of popularizing the devotion. Two other stories are also open to some suspicion of the same kind. One of them recounts how our Lady

¹ See the chronicle of Hugo Candidus in Sparke, *Scriptores*, pp. 51—53.

² This was printed by Gerberon (Migne, vol. 159, p. 319). It exists in different forms. In MS. 56 of Magdalen College, Oxford, it takes the shape of a sort of Encyclical addressed by St. Anselm to his fellow-Bishops.

³ I quote from a copy of this work in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, MS. 167. It contains some 480 stories arranged partly according to the feasts of our Lady, partly according to the classes of persons with which the stories are concerned. Another copy of the same collection is in the library of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

appeared to Alexander Neckam, an English theologian of the end of the twelfth century, threatening him with punishment if he persisted in opposing the doctrine of her freedom from original sin; the other tells us of a priest who refused to celebrate the *Conceptio B.V. Mariæ* as anything more than a "simplex," but was converted by a vision, in which he saw the feast written in the calendar in letters of gold, and eclipsing all the other festivals of the year. The legend of Abbot Elsi, however, though found in these and all similar collections, stands on a very different footing, for it is certainly older, belonging, in fact, to the early years of the twelfth century, and secondly there can in this case be no doubt that the Conception element is an integral and primitive part of the story.

But to whom are we to assign the authorship? The question is a difficult one, and it is perhaps impossible to answer it definitely. But there are some curiously converging inferences which suggest that in some way or other we must look for our solution to the surroundings of Eadmer or the younger Anselm. Let us note in the first place the following strange fact. In a considerable number of the oldest collections of Mary-stories, dating from the twelfth century, notably in MS. Addit. 35,112 at the British Museum, we find following immediately after the legend of Abbot Elsi—without any new rubric, but with a capital letter and new *a linea*—this extract, which may be given entire:

Meminimus et meminisse delectabile est qualiter ad commendandum miseris unicum patrocinium tuum, o domina, cuidam servo tuo agenti in extremis revelasti memorabile nomen tuum. Apparens autem ei cum esset in angustiis et requirens utrum te cognosceret, cum ille, domina, tremens "minime" responderet, tu ei pro benignitate tua quam blande, quam familiariter, domina, dixisti: "Ego sum mater misericordiæ." Apud quem ergo miseri, apud quem desolati rectius ingemiscimus, deplorantes mala totius calamitatis et miseræ, quam apud te, veram et indubitatam matrem misericordiæ? Mater sancta, mater immaculata, mater incorrupta, mater misericordiæ, mater pietatis et indulgentiæ, aperi sinum pietatis et suscipe mortuos in peccatis.¹

Now this, as noticed by Mussafia, is a word for word quotation from one of the prayers printed as St. Anselm's.² We may confess to a suspicion that Eadmer's desire of self-effacement

¹ Fol. 25.

² See Opera Anselmi, *Orationes*, No. 49. (Migne, *P.L.* vol. 158, p. 946.)

has led to the result, that not only the *De Conceptione* but also other writings—notably certain prayers and sermons, and amongst them the sermon *Intravit Jesus in quoddam castellum*, of which we spoke in our last article—have been attributed without warrant to his great master. What is certain is that a reference to this very story of *Mater misericordiae* occurs towards the close of the *De Conceptione*.¹ No conceivable motive seems to exist for this linking together of the Elsi legend with the *Mater misericordiae* story except perhaps some consciousness in the mind of the compiler that the two had one and the same author.

But there is much more than this. All who have paid any attention to the study of the collection of Mary-stories will be aware that they tend to occur in certain sequences or groups, and although we may be disposed to believe that Professor Mussafia's analysis of these elements has been somewhat unduly influenced by his preconceptions as to date² and provenance, as well as by the fact that certain collections upon which he originally based his theories were not the oldest available, still we may unhesitatingly accept his general conclusions, for example, as to the superior antiquity of the stories in the collection of Pezsius.

Now in these stories it is impossible for the most casual observer not to be struck by the number of items of distinctively English origin. Taking the collection PEZ as a whole we have the strongest reason for assigning it to an Anglo-Norman compiler, even though some of his materials have come to him from Italy. Dunstan and Herbert of Losinga; Shaftesbury, Westminster, and Bury St. Edmunds, were not names likely to travel far on the Continent unless they were embedded in the fibre of some story written down in England. But the most suggestive item, and be it remarked that it is also one which is almost universally present in every ancient collection of *Marienlegenden* hitherto examined, is the story conveniently designated as "The Stained Corporal." The form in which this

¹ See Migne, *P.L.* vol. 159, p. 316. "Cur, Domina, cuidam olim ope tua magnopere indigenti et quæ esses nescienti, matrem te potius misericordiae, dulci voce respondisti, quam iustitiae."

² Mussafia must surely be wrong in assigning the origin of what he calls the H.M. group to the eleventh century. (iii. p. 56.) Apart from the fact that the monk of Chiusa was still living in Malmesbury's time, one of the stories is told on the authority of Hugh of Cluny, "of blessed memory" (*beatæ memorie*). Hugh did not die until 1109.

is preserved in PEZ and most other early versions is so characteristic that it seems necessary to translate it entire.

Under the name of St. Michael Archangel is dedicated a certain church which is called Chiusa by the inhabitants, and in this place reside a number of monks serving God according to their rule. Now the wine of this district is very red, like blood, and it is customary to use the red wine in the celebration of Mass, for they avoid the white wine for fear that by some negligence water should be offered in the chalice in place of wine, it being easy to mistake things which look so much alike. But this blood-red wine is of a deep colour, so much so that if it is spilt upon any linen cloth the linen is so stained that no washing can take out the mark. Also in the above-mentioned church there are little boxes (*capsule*) lined with linen to hold the corporals, and after the Gospel in the course of the Mass the corporal is taken out of its box, and replaced in it when the Mass is over.

Now to this same church belonged a certain youth (*juvenis*)¹ by name Anselm, who with his whole heart had given himself to our Lady's service, and one day when he was serving Mass there after taking the corporal out of its box, as was the custom, he managed to spill some of the wine inside the box, and at once the linen with which it was lined was so stained that, as we have explained, it became as crimson as if it had been soaked in blood.

The lad was very frightened at what had happened, and did not know what to do, particularly because he was there alone among the monks. There was no time to wash it, and if it had been washed, he could not have dried it quickly enough.

So when the *Sanctus* had been sung as usual after the Preface, he turned with his whole heart to the holy Mother of God, praying that she would come to his aid in this trouble in the way that she judged best. Then at the end of the Canon, and before the priest began the *Pater noster*, the youth looked into the box, and there he found that the linen which had been stained blood-red had become cleaner than any laundress could have made it by washing or fulling. And when the said youth saw this, he was overjoyed, and from that moment he loved the holy Mother of God more earnestly, serving her with all his heart and trying to induce all whom he could to love her better. And when the miracle was made known the monks also returned great thanks, and were encouraged in their devotion to God and our Lady.

Now when one compares this simple tale with the artificial setting and the extravagant details of most of the Mary-stories, it is difficult not to be convinced that we have here a record of personal experience. We need not believe in any actual miracle. Any humble and pious spirit was prone of old to see

¹ Very probably we ought to translate by "boy." He was evidently not a monk or novice, but possibly a chorister.

supernatural interventions on all sides, but here every detail seems to tell of an incident that really happened, one which has been recounted for readers to whom the surroundings of a Mass said in that southern land would not be readily familiar. And strange to say not only is this story infinitely more lifelike than any of the other narratives in which it is embedded, but we have a distinct statement that the person to whom it occurred was still living—presumably in England—somewhere in the early decades of the twelfth century. William of Malmesbury, the famous historian († 1143), wrote an amended and ornate Latin version of some of these miracles of our Lady. In this he included the miracle of the stained corporal, suppressing the name of Anselm (which is moreover wanting in sundry other manuscripts); and adding the explanation that he does not give the name of the person to whom it happened because he believes him to be still living.¹ And then it flashes across our minds that St. Michael's at Chiusa is the very place in which the younger Anselm began his life as a monk, and that the fact is recorded in the brief memoir which we extracted last month from the chartulary of Bury St. Edmunds.

Not only this, but we note in the collection PEZ a second miracle which refers explicitly to St. Michael's at Chiusa, while others deal with places not far off in Northern Italy. Further, the name Michael suggests other Michael-stories connected with St. Michael's Mount, where the younger Anselm is known to have stayed. Moreover, we discover that Anselm, Abbot of Bury, at an early stage of his long tenure of that office (1119—1148) had the new infirmary chapel which he built consecrated *in memoriam summi archangeli Michaelis*, and that in this same chapel he was buried. Still further, the very first miracle recorded in the PEZ collection is that of Hildefonsus, which contains the following incidental notice :

Ille vero cupiens eam altius honorare constituit ut celebraretur solemnitas eius octavo die ante festivitatem dominici natalis, ita videlicet, ut si solemnitas annuntiationis dominicæ circa passionem Domini, vel resurrectionem eveniret, in prædicta die sub eadem solemnitate congrue restitui posset. Quod sibi satis videbatur iustum, ut prius sanctæ Dei Genitricis ageretur festum, ex qua Dominus homo natus venit in mundum. Quæ solemnitas concilio confirmata per multarum celebratur Ecclesiarum loca.²

¹ Mussafia in the *Sitzungsberichte*, iv. vol. 123, p. 21. "Quale est illud de monacho S. Michaelis de Clusa, cuius nomen quia adhuc superesse dicitur supprimo."

² Pezius, p. 306.

It was this very celebration of our Lady's feast the week before Christmas Day that Anselm, Abbot of Bury, is recorded to have actively promoted, together with the Conception feast on the 8th of December.¹

It would be rash to dogmatize as to the precise relation of Abbot Anselm to the earliest collection of the miracles of our Lady, but we may certainly look upon him as the centre of the sphere of influence which gave them birth. There is not a name or a place mentioned in any of the early collections with which it is not easy to trace some connection with Anselm. Bishop Herbert of Losinga, who in one instance is appealed to as a witness, was the Bishop of Norwich, in whose diocese Bury was situated. Two of the miracles are directly connected with St. Dunstan, and Anselm had been a monk of Christ Church, besides being intimately acquainted with Eadmer and Osbert of Clare, who both had written lives of the Saint. It may very well be that the actual redaction of the miracles is due to the pen of Eadmer or some other. Eadmer's name seems to be curiously associated with such a collection in a Paris MS. cited by Père Ragey. Be this as it may, the fact seems fairly well established that the monastery of Bury St. Edmunds at the beginning of the twelfth century, under Abbot Anselm, was a centre of influence which contributed not only to the wide acceptance of our Lady's Conception feast, but also to the formation of those collections of miracles of our Lady (*Marienlegenden*), which directly or indirectly did so much to promote the same cause. This may seem a somewhat vague conclusion; but with the limited materials at our disposal, we must perhaps for the present renounce the hope of arriving at anything more definite.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ See THE MONTH, June, 1904, pp. 571, 572.

A Unique Catholic Exhibition.

IT is surprising to find how many Catholics there are who have not the slightest comprehension of the great extent and far-reaching effects of the numerous Catholic agencies in their midst. To the vast majority the Catholic Church in this country means little more than the services carried out within the four walls of her different churches. The Mass of Obligation, an occasional evening service, and a periodical frequentation of the Sacraments represent the scope of their appreciation of the Church's activity. This lack of knowledge is not even confined to the majority. Amongst those who take a more personal interest in the affairs of the Church, and who are considered to be well informed upon all matters relating to them, there appears to be an astonishing absence of anything approaching an intimate acquaintance with many diverse sections of the Church's work. How many Catholics are there, for example, who really understand what is being accomplished by our Catholic Elementary Schools? How many Catholics have an adequate idea of all the work that is attempted by a Convent Higher School, with its Secondary School, its pupil teachers' centre, and, in some cases, its large supply of qualified Sisters, teaching in several elementary schools near? How many Catholics have even an approximate conception of the manifold acts of charity in every direction, which are being daily performed, by a Convent of the Sisters of Mercy or of the Sisters of Charity?

The section of Catholic social effort which is perhaps least understood by Catholics generally is that which is known as Rescue Work, although, strangely enough, there is no form of Catholic activity which has made greater progress during the last decade. A few years ago Catholic Rescue Work in an organized form in this country was practically limited to three or four dioceses. At the present time there are organizations at work in Westminster, Southwark, Salford, Liverpool,

Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Clifton, and Portsmouth. Rescue Work from its character does not come prominently before the public notice. The various orphanages and schools which have to be carried on in connection with it are, as a matter of course, scattered over large areas, so that Catholics do not ordinarily come in contact with them. Despite the many endeavours which are being repeatedly made by means of appeals, circulars, reports, magazines, and the like, to interest Catholics in the work, the fact remains that the majority are still unreached, and have no acquaintance with it beyond occasionally hearing its name.

Under these circumstances all those engaged in Catholic Rescue or Preventive Work should be very grateful to the Southwark Rescue Society for the effort which they have recently made to bring the most important section of Rescue Work prominently before the notice of the Catholics of London. The promoters of this Society have fully realized the difficulty of making their co-religionists accurately appreciate the character of, and the necessity for, their work; so they determined to try the experiment of arranging in a central hall in London some actual specimens of the educational work, and of the manual and physical training given in their Poor Law and Industrial Schools. They have unbounded confidence in the character of the work carried on in these institutions, and they felt that a practical inspection of it by Catholics generally could not fail to astonish them agreeably and would succeed in quickening their interest in the Rescue Work of the diocese accordingly.

The anticipations of the Southwark Rescue Society have not proved unwarranted. The recent Exhibition in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, on June 9, must have been a pleasant surprise to the particularly representative gathering of Catholics who were present. The one regret is that a larger audience did not attend to witness for themselves the excellence of the educational work of these institutions. The programme was carried out from beginning to end with a briskness and a smartness which indicated considerable organizing ability on the part of those responsible for the arrangements. It would be difficult to select the best item upon it. The displays in drill and gymnastics too were evidently selected with great care, for despite the fact that three schools were taking part, and that the "squads" of boys and girls were large, no item of this kind

caused even a semblance of weariness in the audience—which cannot always be said even of the best performance in physical exercises—but, on the contrary, the vigour and “go” which the youthful athletes infused into the smallest motion, their perfectly-timed movements, and the “cleanness” with which particularly difficult exercises were executed, gained for every item without exception—whether it was free gymnastics, club drill or the vaulting-horse by the boys of St. Vincent’s, Dartford, free gymnastics, dumb-bell drill, or the parallel bars by the boys of St. Joseph’s, Orpington, or dumb-bell drill, sceptre drill or scarf drill by the girls of St. Ann’s, Orpington—the unstinted and enthusiastic applause of the audience.

Besides the physical exercises, it is impossible to praise too highly the part-songs by a large number of boys and girls, and the band performances of the two boys’ schools, both by each individually and by the massed bands. No greater praise can be given to this side of their educational work, than the statement that out of a total of 450 boys, it was possible for them to select a band of 100 performers who could give a really good rendering of the March from Wagner’s *Tannhäuser* before an audience in the Queen’s Hall.

But despite the excellence of the musical and physical exercises, it will be admitted on all sides that the most realistic portion of the programme was the Trades displays. Those who are familiar with the arrangements of the Queen’s Hall will be able to judge of the striking effect made upon the audience by the simultaneous starting of a large number of Trades displays on tables and benches placed at skilfully-contrived levels on the terraces at the rear of the platform. The boys were at work as carpenters, blacksmiths, bakers, shoemakers, tin-smiths, tailors, plasterers, bricklayers, and wood-choppers—and there were laundry-work, cooking, and needlework for the girls. For nearly half an hour all continued their work, subject to the closest inspection of a number of the leading visitors who mounted the platform for that purpose.

There was, however, one point about the performance which told more effectively with those present than the actual display work itself, and that was the healthy, happy, bright, and interested appearance of every child who took part therein. It speaks well for the management of the institutions concerned

that they are able, despite the difficult characters of many of the children entrusted to their care, to produce such good types of boys and girls, and kindle in them such a splendid *esprit de corps*.

There can be no doubt that those who were present at the Queen's Hall on June 9, must have been convinced that the three schools responsible for the display are admirable institutions in every way, and that their organization reflects the highest credit upon the good Religious, the Presentation Brothers and the Sisters of Mercy, who are responsible for them. As has been stated above, these schools are St. Vincent's Industrial School, at Dartford, St. Joseph's Poor Law School and St. Ann's Poor Law School, at Orpington.

No Rescue Society can hope to carry on effective work without its Industrial Schools and Poor Law Schools for boys and girls. The diocese of Southwark possesses three of these institutions, the two besides that already named being St. Mary's School, at Croydon, for girls, and St. Vincent's School, at Whitstable, for little boys. There is a good deal of misconception as to what an Industrial School really is. A general idea is current that it is an institution for youthful criminals. This is altogether a mistaken notion. The Industrial School partakes mainly of the character of a Preventive Institution. Children who are found to be in dangerous surroundings, or who can be proved to the satisfaction of a police magistrate to be habitually in circumstances or in an environment which will lead to a life of crime, can be committed for a term to an Industrial School. The child of a Catholic father must, according to law, be sent to a Catholic Industrial School. As a large proportion of the cases which come before the notice of Rescue Societies are Industrial School cases, it is an absolute necessity for the diocesan authorities concerned to have schools for this purpose, and these are subject to the inspection of the Home Office. Schools which have accepted cases through the London School Board, have also been subject to the inspection of that body. This means that Catholics have had to build their own schools, and for the maintenance of the children committed to them those in charge receive a weekly allowance of eight shillings per child. With this they have to keep pace with the schools provided by the London School Board and the London County Council, which have recently for better or worse joined hands. As the latter have in some cases not

limited their grant to eight shillings per head, it may mean improved financial conditions under the new Educational arrangements for London.

Despite the obvious financial difficulties, the Southwark Catholic Industrial Schools have more than held their own, compared with other Industrial Schools. St. Vincent's, Dartford, which rendered such an excellent account of itself at the Exhibition, admittedly stands in the front rank of Industrial Schools in the country. The high standard of thoroughness in everything is sure to be noticed by any visitor to the school. The system of training adopted both in Industrial and Poor Law Schools is undoubtedly unequalled for the type of child with whom they have to deal. Indeed, some educationists have expressed the opinion that it would be a great advantage to many of the children in some London Elementary Schools, if the same system of work were adopted. In both these classes of schools, half of the school-day is given to elementary education, whilst the other half is devoted to technical training in the workshops or in the fields, as the case may be. Plenty of time is also allotted for physical exercise of every kind, and at Dartford and Orpington, wherever practicable, a boy is made to play a musical instrument for the brass band.

The visitor to these schools finds half the children at elementary school work, and half in the workshops, the scholars of the morning becoming the workers of the afternoon, and *vice versa*. The method, discipline, and tone of the institutions are excellent in every respect. No better proof of this can be given than by quoting one of the recent reports of Mr. George Ricks, one of the late London School Board Inspectors.

A. ST. VINCENT'S, DARTFORD (200 Boys).

Again I have to report in the most favourable terms of the examination results. Of 50 assessments: 5 are excellent, 29 very good, 16 good, and none lower. This is a standard of attainments rarely reached in the Industrial Schools.

Health.—Very good indeed. No serious cases of sickness during the year, and but few which may be described as trifling. One boy on the sick list, suffering from rheumatism, on the day of my visit.

Food.—Varied, sufficient, and nicely served.

Clothing.—Sufficient and good. Same shirts for day and night—changed once per week.

Industrial Training.—The usual indoor occupations and gardening. The use of carpenters' tools is taught. There is a capital band.

Physical Training.—Receives special attention, and the results are undoubtedly excellent. The drill and physical exercises reach the high-water mark here, and many of the boys can swim well.

Recreation.—Here, too, the provision is ample. Cricket and football, especially the latter, are played with enthusiasm. Billiards, draughts, and numerous other indoor games enliven the winter evenings. The library contains 300 books.

Conduct and Discipline.—Has been very satisfactory; very few serious cases of misconduct are recorded. The behaviour of the boys during our visit was most commendable.

Disposal of the Children.—12 boys joined army bands during the year, and 10 were sent to Canada; but as a rule the boys are sent to the "St. Vincent's Working Boys' Home" for disposal. Old boys visit the School freely (60 on Whit Monday).

General Remarks.—This School not merely maintains a high standard of efficiency, but improves on it. Brother Louis and his staff deserve great credit for their admirable work.

This report speaks for itself, and the same inspector has formed an equally high opinion of the other two Southwark Industrial Schools, for the corresponding report upon St. Mary's, Croydon, was summed up with the general remark, "an excellent home for girls," whilst St. Vincent's, Whitstable, earned the satisfactory description of "an admirable little home."

It is, however, with the Catholic Poor Law Schools that Catholics have the greatest financial difficulty. The organization and method of work in them correspond with those of the Industrial Schools. Catholic children who come under the care of a Board of Guardians must be sent by them to Catholic Poor Law Schools. Hence the necessity for these institutions in connection with our Rescue Societies. From an educational point of view these schools have their special difficulties, to which Industrial Schools are not subject. In the latter the children are committed for a definite term of years, and they cannot ordinarily be removed until this is completed. In the former, the parents can secure the discharge of children whenever they wish. Moreover, Boards of Guardians generally

will not allow parents to leave their workhouses and infirmaries without taking their children with them from the Poor Law Schools, the consequence being that very often just as a child has been in an orphanage for a short period, and those in charge have succeeded in bringing it into a satisfactory condition, the child is withdrawn by its parents, only to return to the school a few months later, when all the training has to be started again from the beginning.

But it is the financial aspect of the Catholic Poor Law School which presents the most serious difficulty. The Local Government Board, which controls the doings of the various Boards of Guardians in the country, allows them to pay a maximum of seven shillings per week for each child sent to a Catholic Poor Law School. Until about a year ago the maximum allowed was six shillings per head. Anybody who has had anything to do with the management of homes and schools will admit that seven shillings is little enough to provide for the maintenance and education of a boy or girl. The position of these Catholic Schools would be sufficiently difficult if they received seven shillings per head for each child, but unfortunately the Local Government Board only allows Boards of Guardians to pay seven shillings, it does not compel them to do so. The result is, that some of the Guardians decline to pay that amount, and the Catholic Poor Law School has either to refuse to take a child for less, and thereby risk the loss of its faith, or accept children at a lower rate. Catholics of course cannot hesitate when the faith of their children is concerned, consequently at the present moment in the schools at Orpington there are a large number of children for whom the Guardians are only paying at the rate of four shillings per head per week. This is a great injustice, which the Local Government Board could rectify practically with a stroke of the pen. If it insisted that Boards of Guardians must pay the maximum of seven shillings, as it could do to-morrow if it wished, the matter would be settled. The claims of Catholic Poor Law School Managers is not an extravagant one, for the vast majority of the better Boards of Guardians spend considerably more in their own schools for the maintenance of their children, as the following figures taken from a Report of one of the Departmental Committees of the Local Government Board appointed a few years ago will show :

Name of School and where situated.	Average weekly cost per child exclusive of Loans.
Westminster, Upper Tooting	15s. 3d. ¹
Central London, Hanwell	12s. 2½d.
Lambeth, West Norwood	11s. 7¾d.
Strand, Edmonton	11s. 0½d.
South Metropolitan, Herne Bay	10s. 11d.

Moreover, the average cost of the maintenance of the children in district and separate schools was said to be 9s. 1¼d. per week. These figures are a strong criticism on the payment of as little as 4s. per week by some Guardians, but can be used more forcibly against the Local Government Board, which allows such a small payment to be made.

Despite the disparity of financial treatment, the Southwark Catholic Poor Law Schools compare most favourably in their results with the other similar institutions supported so liberally by public bodies. Those who were present at the Queen's 'Hall were able to test practically the work both of the boys' and girls' schools at Orpington, but on various other occasions both St. Joseph's and St. Ann's have taken part in exhibitions arranged for all descriptions of Poor Law Schools, and have always admittedly held their own in all sections of work against all competitors.

But even the Queen's Hall Exhibition could not give an adequate idea of what the Industrial Schools and Poor Law Schools are doing for the great work of Rescue amongst our Catholic children. The work can only be rightly understood by paying a visit to the schools and by making a personal examination of their daily routine. Everybody who does so is simply astonished at the unexpected excellence which is found in everything.

One point in the Exhibition at the Queen's Hall, to which reference has not yet been made, indicates another important side to the work of the Southwark Rescue Society in connection with these schools. Towards the end of the Trades displays a party of lads dressed as emigrants for Canada, with all necessary equipment, appeared upon the platform. This illustrated the care taken with the children after they have left the

¹ The expenses of this school for the year under consideration were abnormal, owing to sickness. The average weekly cost for the previous year was 10s. 6d. per head. No special allowance, however, is made to Catholic Schools for extraordinary expenses.

schools. In a great many cases the inmates of Industrial and Poor Law Schools owe their position to vicious or worthless relatives. It would therefore not be of much practical good if after preserving the children for a number of years, they were allowed again to come in contact with their former undesirable connections, and be dragged down to their former position within a short period after leaving the orphanages. The managers of Industrial Schools are obliged by law to keep under their notice for two years children after they have been discharged. It would be impossible to deal satisfactorily with these two difficulties, if the young people were turned adrift by themselves in our large towns. For this reason the Catholic Boys' Homes in Southwark were established, in which boys from St. Vincent's or St. Joseph's, or similar voluntary institutions, can begin life, and board and lodge for their first few years in the world. This likewise explains the formation of the Catholic Canadian Emigration Society, which endeavours to transplant young people from the Old World to the other side of the Atlantic, where they can begin a new life far away from any undesirable connection of former years, and out of the reach of vicious relatives, who would be a dangerous temptation to them. With this object in view, all forms of gardening, farming, and stabling are now included in the technical training given both at Dartford and Orpington. Nor are the girls neglected when they start earning their livelihood in this country. For both at Croydon and at Orpington there are small homes where the girls when they are out of place can board at a moderate charge.

The high standard of work reached by the Southwark Industrial and Poor Law Schools will serve to explain the many serious difficulties which the Rescue Society has to face in dealing with what are known as "voluntary" cases. There are some children for whom Industrial or Poor Law Schools can do nothing towards the preservation of their faith. Mixed marriages are the fruitful cause of voluntary cases. The child of a Protestant father, although it has been baptized and brought up as a Catholic, has, in the absence of a formal consent from him, to be educated as a Protestant if committed either to a Poor Law or Industrial School. It is in a case of this kind that the voluntary orphanage has to come to the rescue and bear the whole expense of the maintenance of the child. The exceptional character of the work of the certified

schools means of course that an equally high standard must be attempted in all other similar institutions. This will, it is hoped, afford some idea of the extent of the anxieties of the Southwark Rescue Society, which is wholly or partially responsible for over 2,600 children. The work they have in hand is a great one. It has made considerable progress in the last few years. If the efforts of those who are working for it prove as successful in the future as they have been in the past, it should accomplish invaluable work for the Church. It is unnecessary here to mention the names of those who have been instrumental in carrying on its work, for they are already well known to Catholics, but a note to the Hon. Treasurer, or to the Hon. Secretary, of the Rescue Society, at 5, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E., will secure a copy of the Society's last Annual Report, and supplying other facts regarding it.

JOHN W. GILBERT.

The French Clergy and its Calumniators.

IN one regard at least the kind of religious spirit which subsists on hatred of the Catholic Church, exhibits a remarkable analogy to the famous Philosopher's Stone. This was warranted—could it but be found—to change any base metal or worthless dross into sterling gold. In like manner a certain class of people—claiming in a very special manner to be “religious”—can perform transmutations no less wonderful, and replenish their treasure-house from the least promising materials. They start with the principle that to assail the Church is so supremely meritorious as to furnish convincing evidence of every excellence in the assailant, and accordingly the more bitter and implacable be his attitude towards her, the more sure they are of his wisdom and virtue.

It is plainly on this safe and facile principle, that a recent biographer has declared Voltaire to have been an eminently religious person,—a verdict which has attracted wonderfully little notice on the part of critics,—and an example no less remarkable is furnished by the attitude assumed by the Yahoos of the Protestant Press towards Voltaire's worthy disciple, the present French Premier.

To all who have any acquaintance with the course of French affairs it must be perfectly obvious, that the real object steadily pursued by M. Combes, and the intolerant faction whose tool he has become, is to de-Christianize the nation, to stamp out every vestige of religious belief, to proscribe the very name of God, and make a clean sweep of every influence that could stem the tide of blank infidelity. It is no less manifest that they have begun their attack with those of whom they are most afraid, and that if they have refrained from assailing others, it is not on any score of love, or tolerance, but only because they know that from these they have nothing to fear.

But to listen to the vociferous utterances of what we may style the Protestant gutter-press, it might be supposed that the

French Minister is a man of God, urged only by a high and holy indignation to rid the land of a rank abomination which cries to Heaven for vengeance, and that if he declares war upon the Church,—her priesthood, her Orders, and her education,—it is only because he knows her to be a sink of corruption whereof the country must be rid, if its people are to breathe a pure and wholesome atmosphere.

Such undoubtedly is the moral of a broadsheet issued some months ago by the Protestant Press Agency, under the title, "Rome's Appalling Record," with the object of showing, in its own choice language, that the Catholic clergy of France are a set of "moral dung-bugs," that our countrymen are guilty of inexcusable folly in "allowing France to dump her Romish *débris*, male and female, on the shores of Protestant England," and that the great lesson to be learnt is this: "Englishmen and Englishwomen! As you love your God and your country, keep your children from the abominable Confessional. No peace with Rome."

The document thus introduced consists of a number of gross charges, fifty-two in all, said to have been established against clerics or religious, chiefly in France, during the years 1897, 1898, and 1902; and we are bidden to remember that, "A tree is known by its fruit." As to the exact character of the charges, it will be sufficient to say that they are mostly of a nature which, while it makes decent people loth to speak about them, appears at the same time to furnish a supreme attraction for writers of another stamp.

When we proceed to examine the revolting catalogue, it speedily becomes clear that it would be interesting to know more of its history. When it first made its appearance it was industriously circulated and forced upon the notice of Catholics, as something that would certainly confound them. Now, however, it manifests so retiring a disposition that it seems impossible to procure a copy, those who put it forth protesting that it is completely out of print, and that they have not a single copy left with which to oblige a customer. As to its contents, those who desire to know upon what authority such grave allegations are based, do not appear likely to have their curiosity gratified. As a matter of course in such a production, no sources of information are indicated, but it at once becomes evident that they are not the same throughout, the records for the years 1897 and 1898 being clearly drawn from a source

different from that of 1902. And what of the intervening years? Why this curious hiatus?

It cannot be said that much light is thrown on the subject by the reply of a prominent official of the Agency, Mr. A. Le Lievre,¹ when the question was asked—"The leaflet was sent to press in a hurry. That is the reason why the figures for 1899, 1900, and 1901 were omitted." Mr. Le Lievre proceeded to give a little information as to sources. The statistics for 1897 and 1898, he tells us, were "taken from the Boston (U.S.A.) *Citizen*, while the 'shocking' list for 1902, compiled by a French journalist, is taken from the Paris *Lanterne*." It certainly appears a rather curious mode of procedure to seek information concerning the action of French tribunals in an American newspaper, or in France itself to have recourse to a journal of low character and hostile bias. If the things alleged really happened, they must have been notorious, and there could not be the slightest difficulty in obtaining testimony on all hands, and from sources open to no suspicion.

The English copyists are evidently persuaded that an "Abbé" is an "Abbot," and in consequence it would appear from their list that Abbots in France are at least as plentiful as blackberries. In like manner, they take "Curé" to mean a "Curate," and seem to see no difficulty in the two offices being united in the same person. In the earlier period, however (1897 and 1898), by far the largest element in their catalogue is furnished by Brothers of teaching Orders,—whose case could at least have no connection with the Confessional, with which they are anxious to connect their Record. Of these nineteen are cited, to four "Abbots," one "R.P.," and one "Professor of Morality." In 1902, on the other hand, we find but eight Brothers,—against ten "Abbots," who were also "Curates," two who were "Abbots" simply, two "Abbés," and one a "Monsignor," condemned, in Belgium, for embezzlement. Moreover, in 1897, we have two "former Brothers," and in 1902, one "former Benedictine," with whose delinquencies it is surely rather hard to charge the bodies they have abandoned. On the same principle, the clergy might be made responsible for the doings of M. Combes.

These, however, are minor matters, which do not touch the heart of the question. What is to be thought of this horrible indictment itself, and how far does the light it professes to

¹ *Daily News*, February 5, 1904.

afford reveal the true condition of the French clergy? Are they in reality the set of monsters and "dung-bugs" whom the austere moralists of the Protestant Press Agency feel it their duty to denounce?

To answer such questions by a detailed examination of the several cases alleged is a task rendered practically impossible by the style in which the charges are preferred, for the method of giving no references has this obvious advantage that it is impossible to verify any. Fortunately, however, there are other means of satisfying ourselves as to the true state of the case.

Such means are furnished by a pamphlet recently published in Belgium,¹ in which the whole question is carefully examined, and by two articles by M. Georges Bertrin in the *Paris Correspondant*,² from which we learn as follows.

In the year 1872 an official Government report was presented to the French Legislative Chambers, giving a detailed analysis of the sentences passed in either criminal or civil cases against members of the various liberal professions, from the commencement of the year 1850 to the close of 1871. According to this return, amongst all the lay professional classes that of notaries stood far higher than any other before the law, and in it one individual out of every 873 had each year incurred a sentence of some kind. Against members of the clerical body, on the other hand, including religious of both sexes—during the same period there were in all 72 *accusations* brought before the tribunals. According to the Government estimate there were in this class 120,000 persons, and therefore there was one *accusation* yearly for every 35,294 "clerics"—the proportion being thus only one-fortieth of the *condemnations* in the exemplary class of notaries. There seems, moreover, to be little doubt that the official estimate of the number of "clerics" is far too small, and that it should rather be at least 175,000, which would give rather less than one accusation annually for every 50,000.

That these statistics were compiled in no spirit of undue partiality for the clergy is sufficiently plain from the fact that in this class, and in it alone, not *sentences* are recorded, but *accusations*. How many acquittals there were, we are

¹ *Le Clergé Catholique devant les Tribunaux et devant la Presse.* Société Saint-Augustin, Desclée, de Brouwer, et Cie, Gand.

² January 25, 1901, and December 25, 1903.

afforded no means of judging. Yet certainly there were some: in fact our authority declares that in three instances, which alone it has been found possible to investigate, the charges utterly broke down when brought into court. One nun was accused of having roasted children alive, and another of having punished a child by making it sit on a red-hot stove. Despite the monstrous incredibility of such charges, both defendants were denounced before trial, in the most violent terms, by the anti-clerical press; both were entirely cleared before the tribunal; but in neither instance was the smallest reparation made by those who had vilified them.

The third example is even more instructive. A priest, the Abbé Vincent, had a foul charge preferred against him by a number of young women representing themselves as having been his victims. In his consternation the Abbé lost his head, and was so ill-advised as to fly the country and take refuge in Belgium. In consequence, judgment was pronounced against him by default, with a sentence of penal servitude for life, and during two years afterwards the iniquities of this clerical miscreant formed a constant topic of denunciation in the anti-clerical press, and were trumpeted abroad over the length and breadth of Christendom. At the end of this period, the retreat of the fugitive being discovered, he was arrested, brought back to France, and put upon his trial. But the services of able counsel having been secured on his behalf, the evidence for the prosecution at once broke down so utterly under cross-examination that the public prosecutor (M. Deschamps, Procureur de la République) threw up his brief, and the judge (M. Bernard, Président du Tribunal) directed the jury to return a verdict absolutely acquitting the accused on all points. Yet, in spite of the manifest proof thus afforded that there had been not only fraud but conspiracy, the legal authorities would not order the prosecution of those who had done an innocent man so grievous a wrong, which serves at least to show that they were not prejudiced on the clerical side. It need scarcely be added that no reparation was made to the injured priest by the journals which had so long exhibited him for the execration of the world.

The statistics which we have just considered, though of somewhat antique date, avail at least to show that, unless the character of the French clergy has undergone a complete transformation, it is very different from what its traducers

would have us believe. But we need not restrict ourselves to a period so remote. Since the year 1864 the French Ministry of Justice has published annually a report restricted to charges of a criminal nature, in which professional men are classified under four categories. 1. The Legal, including barristers, solicitors, notaries, and officers of the courts (*Huissiers*); 2. The Artistic; 3. The Medical, including physicians, surgeons, apothecaries (*Pharmaciens*), and midwives; 4. The Clerical, including priests and religious of both sexes.

From an analysis of these returns we obtain the following particulars.

Between 1864 and 1892,—there was in the Legal class 1 criminal conviction annually for every 996 of its members; in the Artistic, 1 for every 2,958; in the Medical, 1 for every 3,898; in the Clerical, 1 for every 23,474.

From 1893 to 1897 there were,—for the lawyers, 1 conviction yearly per 1,166; for the artists, as in the previous term, 1 per 2,958; for the medicos, 1 per 3,275; for the “clerics,” 1 per 32,154.

From 1897 to 1902 we find, for the lawyers, 1 per 2,054; for the artists, 1 per 3,802; for the doctors, 1 per 5,474; for the “clerics,” 1 per 33,222.

It is beside our present purpose to inquire what may be the explanation of the marked improvement in the first three classes which these last figures should indicate, an improvement due according to some to the increase of republican virtue, and according to others to the lower standard of public morality favoured by an expurgated magistracy. Thus much is clear, on authority which no one will accuse of any tenderness towards the clerical body, that while the morality of the professional classes generally, as tested in the law-courts, is far above that of any other, the clerical class in particular is beyond comparison the most blameless within its limits. It is likewise clear that these official statistics can by no possibility be reconciled with the “Appalling Record” which has suggested this inquiry. This does not pretend to give a complete list of the offences brought home to clerics, but only of such as are sufficiently nasty for its purpose, yet, as it stands on the broad-sheet the catalogue of clerical condemnations for the years 1897 and 1898 is grossly in excess of the total reached during the same periods by the official record of an anti-clerical Government.

Whatever trustworthy information is to be gleaned in other quarters is always similar in import. Thus, there have been published the statistics of the Court of Appeal for the district of Nancy from 1811 to 1879. The clerical population of the district, it is calculated, must throughout this period never have fallen below 6,000; yet during these sixty-eight years, there are recorded no more than seven clerical condemnations, or little more than one every ten years.

To refute evidence such as the above is obviously no easy matter, nor does it become easier when we proceed to consider the testimonies adduced on the anti-clerical side. Some examples of such testimony must be examined.

In the year 1898 there was published at Rheims a list of clerical scandals for 1897, which professed to be strictly statistical, and was calculated in the words of its author to demonstrate once for all that those who brand priests and religious as the worst of criminals state only the simple truth. According to this, there had been within the year in question forty criminal convictions of "clericals."

The question was, however, immediately taken up by the *Avenir*, a Catholic newspaper of the same city, and the facts thus brought to light are undoubtedly highly instructive. In the first place, the author of the indictment had by no means confined himself to France in his search for materials, but had requisitioned not only the French Colonies but Italy as well. Moreover, he reckoned not only priests and religious, male and female, but likewise ecclesiastical seminarists, ex-religious, church beadles, church-choristers, and even the lay manager of a Catholic co-operative association. Thus augmented, the clerical forces in France itself cannot be reckoned at less than half-a-million, and accordingly were all the forty alleged offences committed on French soil, and were they moreover proved to be genuine, we should have no more terrible average of criminality than one scandal for every twelve thousand and more individuals.

Again, in order rightly to estimate such a document, we should know not only how the figures were obtained, but also what they mean, and here too there appears to be a good deal to say, for the nature of some of the "scandals" is not what would be gathered from such a description. Thus, amongst those who are included in this black-list, was a priest who when brought into court was found to be insane; and two

nuns who had distributed medicine gratuitously were found guilty of a legal offence, that of practising pharmacy without a license. There were, we are assured, other items in the count of no more heinous character.

As we have seen, a certain number of the alleged scandals are imported from Italy, and in regard of such importations it is clearly necessary, and by no means in this instance alone, to be particularly cautious. We are informed by the *Bien Public* of Ghent,¹ that upon investigation of a number of clerical scandals quoted from that country, the convents or monasteries in which offences are said to have been perpetrated, and the persons said to have perpetrated them, have alike proved to be wholly fabulous, having no existence whatever. The same informant adds that there is manifestly a well-organized system for the concoction of such slanders, and that imaginary persons and places are found to be most convenient in practice, as obviating the danger of libel-actions. Also, that the principal purveyor of this garbage is known to be a certain Dr. J. Lipp, a German, who has been eleven times convicted of libel, and who has had to abscond both from his own country and from Rome.

So much for one source of anti-clerical "facts."

In 1896 another shocking record, even more appalling in character, was spread broadcast in the north of France. According to this, within the space of a single year no less than 240 clerics had been convicted in France of criminal offences, which in 54 instances were of a filthy character. This, however, need not detain us long, for such an assertion is both shamelessly and preposterously false, as is indeed obvious from the figures already given.

In no single year from 1850 to 1896 did the criminal convictions of clerics, all told, approach one-tenth of the convictions here alleged for immorality alone, while, as we have seen, the average was far lower still.

Beyond this, it is evident that here again, as in the Italian scandals just mentioned, deliberate fabrication has been at work, as is clear from the following instances adduced by the libeller:

Brother Raymond, teacher at Commines (Somme): 8 years penal servitude.

In the Department of Somme there is no such commune as Commines.

¹ August 22, 1903.

Brother Seraphim, director of the Orphanage of Notre-Dame des Rochers: penal servitude for life.

There is not in the whole of France any commune or any orphanage called Notre-Dame des Rochers.

Brother Charles-le-Bon, teacher at Montplaisir (Rhône): 12 years penal servitude.

There is not in the Rhône, nor elsewhere in France, any such commune as Montplaisir.

The Abbé Obry, Curé of Raidville (Vosges): penal servitude for life.

There is no commune in France of this name. So too for the Abbé Isaac, vicaire at Plangonner (Côtes du Nord); for the Abbé Carre, Curé of Vizelize (Meurthe et Moselle); and for Brother Régis, teacher at Puy de Dôme.

Not one of these places exists, either in the Departments named, or in any other part of France.

In like manner a pamphlet has been published at Seraing, in Belgium, giving a long list of criminous clerics, which is an invention from beginning to end. The ecclesiastical authorities testify that not one of them thus denounced is known in the diocese to which he is said to belong.

In another recent instance, a list circulated broadcast by the irreligious press has been made the subject of investigation, with the result that no fewer than fourteen French dioceses are found to know nothing of priests said to belong to them.¹

One more indictment of the clergy must be mentioned, which might appear to derive authority from its source. This is a so-called statistical record published in 1880 by the well-known M. Paul Bert, who not only had been a Minister of State, but was confessedly a distinguished man of science. But with him, even more than with most of his fellow-politicians, anti-clericalism was a passion, and the avowed object of the publication now in question was to refute the conclusions drawn in favour of the hated clerics from the record of which we have spoken as published in 1872. M. Bert's statement covered a little more than eight years, from January, 1871, to April, 1879, during which period, as he declared, there had been 76 convictions of religious (*Congréganistes*), whose total in France he put down as 9,469, whence it evidently followed that the proportion of criminals in their ranks must be large. The smallness of the figure thus assigned to the religious must undoubtedly

¹ *Correspondant*, December 25, 1903, p. 1088.

startle any one who has perused the statistics we have already cited, and it was flatly contradicted by M. Bert himself in a return which he presented at the very same epoch to the Legislative Chambers. Upon this latter occasion his object was to depreciate the merit of religious as school-teachers, and accordingly he argued that the successes undoubtedly achieved by their pupils were not surprising, considering the numbers engaged in the work ;—for there were, he said, 5,700 religious persons teaching in state-schools, and 18,283 in private schools. That is to say, there were 23,983 *teachers* belonging to a class which he had just declared to comprise in all only 9,469 members. It is self-evident that a man who can play fast and loose in this reckless fashion forfeits all claim to consideration, and that his authority can be accepted by no one who has any regard for truth. It was still more unfortunate for M. Bert that in 1879, the very year preceding the issue of his pretended statistics, an official Government return gave the number of *Congréganistes*, of both sexes, in France and the Colonies, as 135,003, and accordingly, even supposing his record of 76 convictions in over eight years to be correct, the immunity from crime of their members would be proved to be far beyond that of any other class of the community.

But besides this, as we have seen, the official records on this point did not cease with 1872, but cover the whole period of which he speaks, and prove to demonstration that his assertions are mere calumny.

In truth, the strength of these slanders is the unwillingness or incapacity of honest men to believe that malice itself can lie with such brazen effrontery. But until this be realized, the actual state of the case cannot be understood.

As M. Bertrin observes, all lists of criminals are branded as suspicious which anticipate the official returns of which we have spoken, or which give the names of the culprits in question : for the said returns furnish the only practical source of information, and they do not give the names, but only the professions, of those against whom charges have been brought or offences proved. Moreover, it is found that, in every case, lists of this description are absolutely contradicted by the official return. M. Bertrin himself, more than three years ago, specifically denounced as mendacious several of these pretended records, and he now tells us that in no single instance has any attempt been made to refute his facts and figures by any

argument more cogent than abuse. Yet these bogus catalogues of clerical scandal had all been industriously disseminated, and in some instances placarded to shock the simple minds of the peasantry.

It is particularly interesting to notice that amongst the spurious documents specifically challenged by M. Bertrin,¹ is the first moiety of our friend the "Appalling Record," or rather of its main portion, for in its original form it comprised only Brothers belonging to teaching Congregations, and the "Abbots," Monsignors, and Professors of Morality, of whom we now hear, have been provided somewhere else. Yet even in its first and scantier form the list is seen to have been grossly falsified; for whereas it gives for 1897 ten clerical cases, there were in reality but five; and in 1898, instead of eleven convictions, there were but four accusations, one resulting in an acquittal.

As for the statistics of the *Lanterne* for 1902, which the Protestant Press Agency adopts, it will be sufficient to say that when these were given to the world the official record for that year had not yet been published. From this fact we are now in a position to draw our own inferences, which may be supported by yet other examples. Thus, before the issue of the Government returns for 1899, it was loudly proclaimed that twenty-one religious teachers had that year been sentenced, and but two secularists, and that accordingly "there were ten-and-a-half times as many crimes committed in schools where God was, as in those where He was not:" a style of language which even the extremest Protestants should find significant. But when the official statistics appeared it was found that the convictions of clericals had been but five, while those of secularist teachers numbered eleven.

Something has been said of the mode in which "clericals" are manufactured for scandalous purposes. A striking instance occurred in connection with the same year, 1899—in the list of its offenders appearing one "Leon—formerly a Brother." This man had, it is true, been a Brother, but had quitted his habit five-and-twenty years before, had gone over to the hostile camp, and had become a strenuous worker on the irreligious side. But when he got himself into trouble with the law on the score of immorality, he was quietly labelled *ancien-frère*, and thrust amid the examples of clerical iniquity.

¹ *Correspondant*, December 25, 1903, pp. 1082-3.

But no example of the lengths to which mendacity is prepared to go can surpass one furnished by a recent performance of the *Action*, the most irreligious of Parisian irreligious journals. In common with other newspapers, this had received through a News Agency particulars concerning an Italian tragedy: a certain Count Bonmatini having been killed by his brother-in-law, Julio Murri. According to the advices received by the *Action*, as by the rest of the press, the homicide, and all his family were big folk (*les gros bonnets*) among the Bolognese Freemasons. As rendered by the newspaper this became "were fervent Catholics." Further it was said that before Murri committed the crime, his father and uncle called upon M. Nathan, Grand Master of Italian Freemasonry, who approved the project, and promised to use his influence with the Lodges there to secure an asylum for the murderer at Athens. According to the *Action*, it was a parish priest,—what the Protestant Press Agency would call a Curate—whose approval was gained and assistance promised.

Here we may stop for the present. There remains another important field of inquiry, which may be examined upon another occasion, concerning the means adopted in particular cases to establish charges against individuals; but it seems better to deal with one point at a time, and that which has now been investigated is sufficiently complete in itself. The facts which have here been given are not now produced for the first time. They have already been brought to the notice of those ardent apostles of truth, the Members of the Protestant Press Agency.¹ And how are they met by those who are so solicitous for the moral enlightenment of their countrymen? In presence of such damning evidence as we have, replies Mr. Le Lievre,² "is it worth while discussing the percentage of criminality in various walks of life?"

That the evidence is "damning" all honourable men will agree; but it is not against the persecuted French Clergy that its indictment lies.

J. G.

¹ See an article, "Window-dressing," in the *Tablet* of January 30, 1904.

² *Daily News*, February 5, 1900.

Matthieu De Gruchy.

1761—1797.

II.

ON the 28th October, 1792, M. De Gruchy again sailed from Jersey to England, and arrived in London on November 1st. He took up his residence in Paddington, and soon made influential friends.

The Relief Act of 1793 was passed while he was still in England, and the hope of greater freedom which this inspired, together with a natural desire to return to his native island, moved him to turn his steps once more towards Jersey, which he reached in the middle of June. One of the first persons he met on landing was the good old Irish priest, Father Drady, who had received him into the Church so many years before. He lost no time in presenting himself before the civil authorities, and having exhibited a copy of the recent Relief Act, the existence of which was still unknown in the island, he obtained permission to exercise his ministry as a priest, but the need of extreme prudence was urged upon him. He subsequently visited the Protestant Rector of St. Saviour's parish, who at the time was also Dean of the whole island. He was most kindly received, and assured that he had nothing to fear from the Protestant clergy, but was again exhorted to be most prudent. The good Dean remained to the end his faithful friend. The greatest opposition came from the members of his own family. By patience and tact he finally succeeded in fitting up a large room in his ancestral home as a chapel, but the need of finding chalice, Missal, vestments, and other requisites of Divine Service, as also the necessary funds for the propagation of his work, compelled him once more to return to London. He had, however, before he left Jersey, the happiness of saying Mass on the Commemoration of St. Paul, June 30th, in the house of George Gaudin, in the parish of St. Laurence.

Arriving in London, M. De Gruchy found it practically impossible to obtain the funds necessary for carrying out his plans. Enormous sums were being raised throughout the kingdom, by private generosity, to supplement the large amounts voted by the Government, but these funds were devoted to supplying the needs of the many thousands of French exiles, and could not be diverted to any other purpose. The English Catholics, few and scattered, were drained by their efforts to support their own altars and priests. Bishop Douglass, the Vicar Apostolic of the London District, did all in his power to assist him. He gave him the spiritual charge of the whole Island of Jersey, with all necessary powers and faculties. As some doubt was entertained in certain quarters whether Pope Alexander VI. had formally separated Jersey from the see of Coutance and annexed it to that of Winchester, these same faculties were equally granted by the Bishops of Bayeux and Treguier, acting as Vicars-General of the Bishop of Coutance.

When M. De Gruchy returned to Jersey in August, he soon realized that, anxious as he was to enter upon active missionary work, it was almost impossible to make any progress. It was not without difficulty and extreme secrecy that he was able from time to time to offer the Holy Sacrifice. On one occasion he found an opportunity of doing so in the house of one David Gaudion, in the parish of St. Martin's. The two daughters of David, and their servant, who had been favourably impressed by the piety of M. De Gruchy, and of many of the other exiled priests, who had from time to time lodged at their house, sought instruction, and after a time of probation were reconciled to the Church. Such a proceeding, hitherto unheard of, excited the anger of the Rector, who employed every means of drawing these lost sheep, as he considered them, back to his fold. In this he failed, but he succeeded in rousing the anger of the father, who was a good but weak man. The servant was driven out of the house, and the daughters underwent a course of harsh treatment, which, however, only strengthened their faith. The two daughters of David Gaudion, and their servant Marie Molet, may be regarded as the first-fruits of the Church in Jersey.

A strong party was soon formed, and an outbreak of animosity was directed against the whole body of French clergy, but especially against M. De Gruchy, who was regarded as the

most dangerous of them all. Several attempts were made, unsuccessfully, to make him amenable to the law. At last his enemies hit upon an expedient which seemed likely to suit their ends. There was then as now a law which compelled all able-bodied men, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, to serve in the local militia. M. De Gruchy was commanded to join this force, and on his refusal was haled before the magistrates, where he ably defended himself, but in vain. Seeing that the law of obligatory service might be enforced not only against himself, but might also affect some of his fellow-exiles, he resolved once more to quit the island.

In the following April he found himself in London, sharing a humble lodging with his old friend, M. Sergent. This brought him into frequent contact with M. de Beauregard, a former Canon and Vicar General of his old diocese of Luçon. From him he learned the glorious details of the sufferings and martyrdom of many of his former comrades; some had been slain on the very steps of the altar, others had died upon the scaffold, some had been done to death in popular tumults, the greater number had gone into exile, while some were in hiding amongst the most faithful of their flocks. He lost no time after his arrival in London in securing an interview with General Conway, who resided in London, although he held the office of Governor of Jersey. Having explained the difficulty which he had experienced, owing to the attempted application of the law on military service, he received from the Governor a formal exemption. About this time he drew up a form of Catechism, intended primarily for the use of his neophytes in Jersey. This Catechism received the *imprimatur* of Bishop Douglass, and was published in English and French.

Letters reached him from the Bishop of Treguier, and from two others of the exiled priests in Jersey, all imploring him to return, and suggesting that if again forced by the laws to leave, he should arrange to visit the island from time to time, to promote the work which he had so well commenced. He was greatly consoled by the news contained in these letters, that his three converts were showing admirable fortitude, and were persevering in the practice of their holy Faith. It was added that several other persons seemed desirous of receiving instructions. Moved by these considerations he again set out for Jersey, where he arrived at the beginning of August, 1794. His presence quickened the spirit of inquiry, and the number

of neophytes increased. This soon roused the anger of some of the Protestant clergy, and of many of the influential inhabitants. The following "Act of the States" was passed and put into force :

To the States of Jersey.

The year seventeen hundred and ninety-four. The States having been informed that some of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics have endeavoured to make an impression on the minds of some of the inhabitants of this Island, in the matter of religion, have judged it proper to pray the Commander-in-Chief, to cause the instant expulsion from the Island of those of the above-mentioned Roman Catholics, who shall be denounced by any person of credit, for having dared to make an attack on the principles of the Protestant religion, happily established in this Island, and each constable and every other officer of police, is expressly charged to see to the execution of this Act, and to the will of the States in this matter.

The States having moreover received information that many of the Roman Catholics have intermeddled by exercising their religion publicly, contrary to the laws of the country, the officers of police are strictly enjoined to cause the law in this matter to be observed.

Let the above be printed and published.

PHILLIPE DE CARTERET, *Greffier.*

This regulation was so pointedly directed against M. De Gruchy that he resolved to appeal against it, but was dissuaded by some of the more prudent of his fellow-exiles, who feared a recrudescence of fanaticism. It was evident that his presence would only foment the prejudices of the reformed ministers. Once more he took the road of exile. At Southampton he found an outlet for his zeal in attending the sick soldiers in hospital. The continual dread of invasion necessitated the presence of large numbers of troops in all the ports and towns along the southern coast, and naturally a considerable force was gathered at Southampton. His efforts were keenly appreciated by the men and ably seconded by their officers. We may well imagine how work of this kind would appeal to M. De Gruchy, recalling to his mind the time when he had been a prisoner in the French hulks and prisons ; and how the first principles of religion had been sown in his heart in those sad days. Unfortunately he was soon summoned from this useful and practical work by a letter from M. de Beauregard, the former Vicar General of Luçon.

The minds of the French exiles in England at this time were in a state of ferment, with the idea of forming an army which might undertake something towards freeing their unhappy country from the horrors which accompanied the outbreak of the Revolutionary spirit. The English Government, if it did not actively promote this scheme, seems to have looked favourably upon it. The general plan was to organize an army consisting chiefly of the members of the French nobility, who had fled from France, some officers of the Royal army, together with a number of soldiers and sailors who had served in the army and navy of France, and many of whom were prisoners of war in England. It was believed, with some show of reason, that the English Government was prepared not only to supply the money required, but also to land the expedition on some part of the French coast under the protection of the guns of the English fleet. The whole plan and scope of the expedition reflects credit rather on the courage and chivalry of those who were to take an active part in it than upon the prudence and foresight of those who organized it. The leaders were very sanguine, believing it possible to effect a landing on the coast of Brittany, and finally to be in a position to co-operate with the Royalists who were bravely fighting in La Vendée. Some thirty of the exiled clergy were chosen to accompany the expedition. Amongst these a very prominent part was taken by M. de Beauregard, who proposed to M. De Gruchy to accompany him on a smaller expedition, which at the same time was to be landed on the coast of La Vendée, with the object of joining hands with Charette, the gallant Vendean leader. His old friend M. Sergent and many of his more prudent friends endeavoured to dissuade our hero from an adventure which they justly deemed foredoomed to failure. The arguments of M. de Beauregard, whom M. De Gruchy regarded as his lawful ecclesiastical superior, and perhaps a natural yearning to get back to his old diocese of Luçon, won the day. He resolved to throw in his lot with those who were determined to restore the Bourbon dynasty and to save religion in France.

In company with M. de Beauregard he dined with Lord Dundas, who was acting on behalf of the British Government, and on Wednesday, April 22nd, 1795, they left London for Plymouth, arriving on the following Friday. Here they were received with every mark of honour on board the frigate *Indefatigable*, commanded by Captain Pellew. Having touched at

Falmouth, they sailed from that port on April 30th, and directed their course towards the French coast. At sea they joined a division of the English fleet under the command of Admiral Walgram, consisting of five ships of the line, each of seventy-four guns, and two frigates. Great was the disappointment of the exiles, when having passed Ushant the fleet held its course south towards the Spanish coast, instead of running in to the coast of La Vendée. The fleet was probably in search of a French squadron which was supposed to be somewhere in the neighbourhood. When off the southern coast of Finistère, the *Indefatigable* was ordered to stand in towards the coast in search of the enemy. In executing this order she suddenly struck a rock, and although soon re-floated, she was found to be in a very dangerous condition, and only by the exertions of the crew was she prevented from foundering. As it was impossible to repair her effectually at sea, she was ordered to go to Lisbon, convoyed by another frigate, the *Concord*. She reached Lisbon in safety, and M. De Gruchy and his companions were immediately transferred to the *Concord*, which at once returned to Falmouth, where she arrived on May 29th, a whole month having been occupied on this fruitless voyage. By this time all preparation had been made for the sailing of the larger expedition to Quiberon. On June 9th, the *Concord*, with M. De Gruchy on board, once more sailed from Falmouth in the company of four other frigates, the whole under the command of Captain Warren. They had scarcely cleared the Channel when they were assailed by a fierce gale which drove them over to the Irish coast. Hardly had they escaped from this danger when they encountered the French fleet, which had come out from Brest to intercept the expedition. Being very inferior in strength to the French fleet, they were in great danger, when the English fleet, under the command of Admiral Bridport, hove in sight and immediately engaged the enemy. In the end several of the enemy were captured, and the remainder sought safety in flight. This was the famous battle of Ushant, fought on June 23rd, 1795. The united fleet then continued its course to Quiberon, where the first to arrive was the *Concord*, with M. De Gruchy, M. de Beauregard, and the other exiles on board. After a short delay the *Concord* again put to sea, bound for the coast of La Vendée; thus our hero and his companions escaped the fearful disaster which a short time after befell the whole army which had landed at Quiberon.

Assailed by the Republican army under General Hoche, the expedition was practically annihilated, many falling in battle, others being drowned whilst attempting to regain the vessels of the English squadron, whilst the remainder, being taken prisoners, were shot or perished on the scaffold. Amongst those who perished was the Bishop of Dôl.

Those on board the *Concord*, including M. de Beauregard, M. De Gruchy, and young Charette, the nephew of the General, unaware of the sad fate which had befallen their companions, now hoped that the end of their trials and travels was at hand. But they were to experience many trials before they reached the end of their wanderings.

The *Concord* captured two fishing-boats, the crews of which were made prisoners, and the craft were taken in tow. The captain, for some unexplained reason, resolved to send his guests ashore at the earliest opportunity, deeming that in so doing he was fulfilling his instructions to land them on the coast of La Vendée. One of the fishing-boats was brought alongside, and the whole party of exiles were put on board, with a crew of disreputable hands chosen from amongst the prisoners. The dangers and miseries of that journey were enough to overwhelm the most courageous, and many a time it seemed as though the frail craft must sink under the weight of the crew and passengers, or from the violence of the waves. At length the shore was reached, and the first act of the little band of adventurers was to cast themselves on their knees and thank God for their preservation.

It was not safe to expose themselves openly in a country which, though Royalist and Catholic, was overrun by bands of Republican troops. The party, therefore, directing their course towards the east, kept carefully amongst the fields, where the growing corn gave them shelter. Thence they made their way into a dense forest which, whilst affording shelter from the enemy, presented difficulties of its own to men who knew not its paths, nor whither they led. After a time they found themselves in the district known as Le Marais. Here they were on surer ground, for the whole of this part of the country was well known to M. De Gruchy, as it was the scene of his early missionary labours. Leaving his friends to rest for a while, he pushed forward alone to explore the neighbourhood; he soon encountered two of the Chouans, as they were called, that is, members of the armed bands which had risen in defence of

Faith and Fatherland. The poor wayfarers were gladly welcomed, and soon made as comfortable as was possible in a war-scarred land. A few days later they were conducted by their friends, each by a different route, so as to avoid notice, to the parish of St. Jean-de-Monts, and subsequently to Soullans. The heart of M. De Gruchy was sorely afflicted, when he beheld the terrible changes which a brief period of the Revolutionary War had effected in this land endeared to him by so many ties. Where now were the many priests whom he had known, either when a student in the Seminary, or afterwards as a country vicar? Where the pious families he had known, the children he had taught and loved? The breath of war had swept by, and all these were as though they had never been.

Hiding for the most part during the day, sometimes in the fields, sometimes in a friendly cottage, and at night journeying under the guidance of the faithful Vendéans, they had many an adventure, and sometimes narrowly escaped the patrols of the "Blues," as the republicans were called. At one of the cottages where they sought shelter they were welcomed by a venerable old man in the garb of a peasant, who soon revealed himself as M. Ténèbres, a holy priest who had never quitted the country, but by his courage and address had evaded a thousand perils, and safe in the devotion of his people, had remained in their midst, ministering to their spiritual wants. It was a meeting full of joy, yet awakening sad memories in the minds of all. M. de Beauregard and M. De Gruchy learned from the lips of an eye-witness the sad history of all that had befallen in those parts, whilst they in turn recounted the history of their exile, and of the many dear friends who had shared that exile. It was a strange meeting, followed by a sad parting. M. de Beauregard and M. Ténèbres subsequently fell into the hands of the enemy, and were deported to French Guienne, whence later they returned to France, the former eventually becoming Bishop of Orleans, the latter dying as the humble *curé* of a small Vendéan parish. Other destinies awaited M. De Gruchy.

Amongst the sorely tried peasants of La Vendée it soon became generally known that two priests and four officers had landed on their coasts, and were making their way to the head-quarters of their beloved chief, Charette. Wherever they came they were welcomed, and whilst the four officers inspired the peasants with fresh courage and zeal in the defence of their country, the two priests attended to the spiritual needs of the faithful. At

last, on the 17th July, two and a half months since they first set out from London, they arrived at Belleville, where they found Charette. He received them with the greatest kindness, and having read the despatches which they had brought from the British Government and from the chiefs of the Royalist party in England, he asked the two priests their wishes for the future. Both replied that their only desire was to attend to the spiritual needs of the people, the sheep without shepherds. The General approved their decision, and gave them the name and address of a priest who was acting as Vicar General, and who at that moment was in the country between Belleville and Roche-sur-Yon. M. de Beauregard took up his residence at Beaufon, and M. De Gruchy pushed on to his old parish at Saint-Mars-la-Réorthe and Ardelay. Here he learned that his old friends, M. Morennes and Mme. de Toucheprés had disappeared, and that it was surmised that they had perished either at the crossing of the Loire, or later at Mans. He then made his way to Boistessandeau, where he arrived on the 19th August, 1795. He made Venansault the centre of his missionary activities, and throughout a considerable tract of country he daily toiled for the welfare of the people. The subsequent arrest and deportation of M. de Beauregard left him alone and without a counsellor in the whole countryside. He felt, moreover, that it would not long be possible for him to evade the enemies who were ceaselessly employed in hunting the few scattered priests who still remained in the country. With health shattered by the labours and sufferings of the last few months, and with the certainty that he would not long be able to maintain his position or to carry on his work in France, his mind again reverted to Jersey. There he might again find an opening for fresh work. There were still the few neophytes whom he had reconciled to the Church, and many others, perhaps, who but needed the guidance of a teacher to lead them safely into the true fold. The hope of being the instrument in the hands of God for the conversion of his mother and sisters, and many other members of his family, seemed daily to beckon him back to his native isle. His last work for the faithful people of Venansault and Beaufon was to preach a Mission amongst them, to fortify them with the sacraments, and to exhort them to fidelity under all circumstances to the Faith which was their sole treasure. After this, amidst the tears of the people, he passed on his way to Nantes.

On the 15th November, 1797, he reached Nantes, and a few days later he presented himself before the municipal authorities, and asked that his passport of 1792 might be countersigned. In this document he was described as an Englishman, and a cabinet-maker by trade. He hoped by means of this passport to obtain liberty to travel freely in France, until he could find an occasion of crossing over to Jersey. After some brief inquiries the document received the necessary seal and signature, and all seemed well; but as M. De Gruchy was leaving the chamber, a renegade priest, named Dillon, who had consented to take the constitutional oath, entered and, seeing him, took the paper from his hand, and reading it exclaimed, "You are Gruchy, the priest, and you have dared to re-enter France; the law condemns you to death." M. De Gruchy replied by stating his history, acknowledging that he was a priest, and that he had returned to France in obedience to his superiors. He added that he had for some months past acted as vicar at Venansault, that he had there preached obedience both to the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, that he had never been concerned in any political movement, and that now his desire was to leave France and to return to his own native place. In spite of his defence, so calm and reasonable, he was haled before the judge, interrogated, condemned, and sent back to the prison of Bouffay. He long before seems to have anticipated the fate which now befell him. In a playful way he used to say to his friends that though he felt called to return to Jersey, he was not sure whether he was destined to go to Jersey by way of Heaven, or to Heaven by way of Jersey!

For the record of the various incidents of his imprisonment we are indebted mainly to a pious layman who had been cast into the same prison, as a suspected person. A great friendship and intimacy sprang up between the two prisoners. M. De Gruchy, during their many interviews, frequently declared that he would make a willing sacrifice of his life; that although he might have escaped, had he been less scrupulously honest in his replies to the judge, he would not purchase safety at the price of the least falsehood or prevarication. "I have," he would say with tears, "often offended God during my life, and I willingly offer that life now, in expiation of my sins, and to move the mercy of God, to send to my dear mother a priest to take the place I had desired to occupy, and to be the means of drawing her out of the state of schism."

On Sunday, Nov. 26th, the Military Commission arrived at Bouffay, and summoned the prisoner before them. The questions and answers were merely a repetition of those which had taken place before the judge. His fate was no longer doubtful, and he cheerfully and calmly entered upon the more immediate preparation for death. He dined with his fellow-prisoners, and then withdrew in the company of his lay companion. He besought this companion to pray that there might be granted to him the grace to suffer with patience and humility. When before the Military Commission he had asked that, if condemned, he might be allowed the assistance of a priest; and he especially stipulated that it should not be a priest who had taken the constitutional oath, and so was in a state of schism. The Chief of the Commission replied that this matter would be considered later, and that he might renew his application. As he scarcely dared hope for a favourable reply, he implored his friend to do his utmost to secure the presence of a priest to whom he might make his confession in prison, or failing that, that a priest from whom he might receive absolution might meet him either on the route to the scaffold, or at the place of execution, adding with emphasis, "not one who has taken the oath; I would rather appear before God unshriven, and trust to His mercy than give scandal to the simple by accepting the ministration of one who has separated himself from the unity of the Church."

On the following day, Monday, November 27th, at ten o'clock, he was again summoned before the Commission sitting at St. Vincent. He walked out of his prison in the midst of his guards, bearing himself firmly though modestly. His fellow-prisoners fell upon their knees as he passed, and offered their prayers for him. About two o'clock the same afternoon news reached the prison that he had been condemned to death. A little later he was brought back and placed in the condemned cell.

His friend soon found an opportunity, through the kindness of the gaoler, of visiting the prisoner, but as some of the guards were present during the interview the conversation was necessarily restrained. Later the same night this faithful friend again made his way to the condemned cell, and their last conversation was carried on through the closed door. M. De Gruchy left his breviary and a small statue of the Blessed Virgin to his friend, and some other trifling articles he desired should be distributed amongst his pious friends, if any oppor-

tunity should occur of so doing. His last request was that his friend should, through persons visiting the prisoners, endeavour to secure that as many Masses as possible should be offered for the repose of his soul by the faithful priests who were in hiding in the neighbourhood. He also requested again that, if possible, a priest might meet him on his last earthly journey, and give to him the grace of absolution. He commended himself, his beloved mother, his relations, and his native isle to the good prayers of all who should hear of his death. The remainder of the night, after a brief repose, he spent in prayer and preparation for death.

The following morning a company of soldiers arrived early at the prison to conduct him to La Place Viarme, which was to be the scene of his martyrdom. He went forth with a joyous countenance, bare-headed and bare-footed, holding a small crucifix between his clasped hands. As he passed through the court of the prison he saw amongst the crowd the unhappy apostate priest who had been the cause of his arrest and condemnation. He asked and obtained permission to speak for a moment to this unhappy man. When the latter came forward M. De Gruchy turned to him and said, "In delivering me to the tribunals and causing my condemnation you thought to do me an injury. I regard you rather as the cause of my happiness. He who died upon the Cross for both of us teaches me to pardon you ; this I do with all my heart, beseeching Him to show to you the same mercy that I implore for myself." He then turned and set forth on his journey, gently singing to himself the verses of a favourite hymn which in old times he had frequently sung with his faithful flock.

Arrived at the place of execution, he was commanded to kneel down, which he promptly did, still clasping his crucifix to his breast. The order was given, and the soldiers fired a volley, without however hitting him ; he rose to his feet, and said, "You have not even wounded me." He was again ordered to kneel, and another volley was fired with the same result ; seeing this, one of the soldiers ran forward, and pressing the barrel of his musket against the victim's temple, fired, and so freed his soul for its heavenward flight.

Thus, a little before mid-day on Wednesday, November 28th, 1797, died Matthieu De Gruchy, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, and the tenth of his priesthood.

The Abbé Boischolet, at that time Vicar General of Nantes,

and afterwards Bishop of Séez, writing an account of the death to Mgr. de la Laurencée, Bishop of Nantes, who was then in exile in London, says: "During his life he was a worthy ecclesiastic, in his death a Christian hero. His death has touched us all with sorrow, but has filled us with courage."

Reading the brief record of his wonderful life and glorious death, we recall the words of the Royal Psalmist, "God is wonderful in His saints."¹

WILLIAM FORAN.

¹ Psalm lxvii. 36.

A Study on Christianity and Catholic Copts in Egypt.

—
A LETTER FROM FATHER NOURRIT, S.J.
—

PART III. IMPORTANCE OF THE CONVERSION OF THE COPTS.

(Conclusion.)

AND now what conclusion are we to draw from this study of Coptic Catholicity in Egypt? What conclusion naturally presents itself to the mind of a reader who has perused my letters with even moderate attention? Such a one must without difficulty have recognized how very important it is for the future of our holy religion in Egypt that works of Catholic propaganda be supported and developed as much as possible among the Copts. This is a capital point, and deserves to be brought out in clearest evidence. I am so penetrated with a conviction of its importance, that I desire with all my heart to excite a like conviction in the hearts of my readers; and although the subject with regard to which I was requested to give some information may now appear to have been sufficiently discussed, I would beg them to give me their kind attention a little longer, so as to allow of my enlarging somewhat on the importance of furthering the work of conversion among the Copts.

To do this as best I can, I must place myself on a higher point of view than that from which I have hitherto been surveying the Coptic question. I must now consider the advantages that would accrue, not to Egypt only but to the entire Catholic Church, by the conversion of the Copts.

I shall not insist much on the first and very great consequences with regard to the Catholic Church which would be brought about by the conversion of a nation, or as people say here, of an entire rite, which—to say nothing of its apostolic origin and the pre-eminent rank its Patriarch has held from the

beginning of Christianity among the Patriarchs of the East—numbers at the present time about one million Christians under the care of a Patriarch and eighteen Bishops. My intention is to bring forward other and still greater results pregnant with the most happy consequences with regard to the spread of Catholic Christianity in the northern part of the African continent.

All that part of the Dark Continent which extends from the Equator to Egypt, and the so-called Barbaresque countries—Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco—is peopled almost exclusively with pagans and Mohamedans—the only exceptions are, the Christians of Egypt and of Abyssinia, and a few unimportant missions elsewhere. Now it is a well-known fact, that the Mohamedans are carrying on a rapid and successful propaganda of their errors among the pagans of these extensive regions.

The Egyptian Soudan, in a great part, and the Central Soudan with the kingdoms of Bagtirmé, Ouday, Socoto, Bornon, &c., quite recently pagan, are now overrun by fanatical Mohamedans, and seem destined to become an unresisting prey to Islam. Certainly, the few Catholic missions of our Fathers, and the modest but heroic mission of the Fathers of the Soudan, who, besides a footing at Khartoum, occupy but a small post, lost in the midst of the Denkas some seventy miles south of Fashoda—(now called Khodak)—certainly these feeble supports of the Catholic Church will not, humanly speaking, be able to arrest the march of Mohamedanism, or to stop its conquests over fetichism. Hence the great danger which threatens the whole of North Africa, barring Abyssinia and a part of Egypt, is to awaken one morning and to find itself in the spiritual bondage of Islam. On that day, the door which is still open to admit the entrance of the Gospel, would be closed for ever on the millions who otherwise would have become fervent Christians.

The great question is, therefore: What is the most powerful, perhaps the only means of preventing the flood of Mohamedanism from inundating this vast part of Africa, and of thus gaining at least some portion of it for the Kingdom of God?

I see no more efficacious means than the apostolic activity of the Copts and of the Abyssinians among the pagans of Africa; as soon as the former, *i.e.*, the Copts and Abyssinians,

shall have been re-united with the heart and centre of the Catholic world.

They become easily acclimatized ; and already numbers of them are forming divers colonies in the Soudan. Besides, the Egyptians speak Arabic, which language is more or less understood all over the Soudan.

Finally, these two nations, the Copts and the Abyssinians, are neighbours, comparatively speaking, of the nations to be evangelized ; and their advances in religious matters would be viewed by the pagans with less mistrust than those of Europeans.

This last consideration must be taken into account not only with regard to the natives, but with regard to the English Government, the real and only master of the Soudan, whatever may be the theory of an Anglo-Egyptian occupation.

In effect, after the glorious and victorious expedition of Lord Kitchener in 1898, a political *régime* was created for the Soudan, occupied collectively by England and Egypt, differing from that which exists in the valley of the Nile.

The various consulates, and all that still remains in Egypt of the *régime* of the capitulations, were abolished. The missions, Catholic and Protestant, which have for their object a religious propaganda, were interdicted at Khartoum and in the countries where Mohamedanism predominates. Permission was given them to work at the conversion of the natives, only on condition that the missionary stations be far away from Fashoda, and that the natives be pagans. Hence it came that the heroic Bishop of the Soudan, Mgr. Roveggio, who some two years ago was found dead in a waggon while on his way back from founding the mission station of Tewfikieh, established the difficult and unhealthy Catholic mission in the middle of the Denkas in the south of the Soudan. Finally, all Europeans desirous of entering the Soudan must be armed with a permission to that effect, which permission is revocable at any time. All these difficulties do not exist with regard to Egyptians and Abyssinians, to attract whom, on the contrary, various means are employed.

If then these two people, the Copts and the Abyssinians, were re-united to the Catholic Church, the evangelization of the Soudan, nay of the Soudan and of the adjoining countries, would be singularly facilitated.

A second question thus naturally presents itself: Are

conversions in large numbers, *en masse*, of Copts and of Abyssinians possible? are they probable? Speaking in the first place of the Copts, I say, "Yes, they are *still* possible, they are even probable."

I say "still," for no time is to be lost. Steps must be taken at once, before the Coptic people, who have hitherto been left in complete spiritual abandonment by their priests and Bishops, awake, and becoming conscious of its great resources, reorganizes itself, in the face of and against the propaganda carried on in Upper Egypt for the last sixty years by the American Presbyterians, and for the last fifteen years by the Society of Jesus.

The astonishing numbers of petitions to be incorporated into the Catholic Church, which are being at present sent in by the villages, the very existence of which was unknown to the bishops and missionaries, prove that if the three things they invariably demand, *i.e.*, a priest of their rite, a school and a church, could be granted them we should have to register, not from 15,000 to 20,000 converts, but some 70,000 to 80,000 *at least*. Hence we may safely say, up to the present, the obstacles in the way of conversions, *en masse*, do not arise on the part of the Copts, but are solely occasioned by our want of pecuniary resources. This obstacle, which is indeed very real, might be removed at any time, if Providence thought it good, by some very rich person whom God should inspire to take an interest in the work of converting the Copts, and thus to supply the missionaries with the means of multiplying the schools in the first instance.

Once a school is established and in working order the people of the locality in which it is established will await in patience the arrival of a priest of their own rite and the building of a church. The Rev. Father Rolland, one of the Fathers of the residence at Minieh, who has been working for the last fifteen years in Upper Egypt and knows even the most insignificant villages, has assured me that there is no example of any locality in which the people, once they got their schools, ever attempted to fall back into schism.

There is therefore every reason to hope that within a few years, if only there is no deficit in pecuniary means necessary to keep up existing schools and establish others, a very great movement of conversions will take place, which would result in giving the Catholic Copts the majority of the numbers of

their nation ; which event would in all probability assure the return of the Abyssinian nation to the unity of the Catholic Church. This people with the Copts, the only *Antiochian* Christians of Africa, who because of their position, their courage, their manners and their attachment to Christianity, seem reserved for a brilliant future, depend from a spiritual point of view on the Coptic Patriarch of Egypt.

Up to 1882 Abyssinia had only one Bishop or Abouna, nominated and consecrated by the schismatic Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria, whose residence is at Cairo. Whenever this Abouna died the Emperor of Abyssinia was forced to send a double embassy to Cairo, one to the Khedive to obtain his authorization that an Egyptian be nominated Bishop ; the other to the Coptic Patriarch, so called orthodox, to give his consent to consecrate a unique Bishop for the immense Church of Abyssinia.

This state of things lasted some fifteen centuries and was suddenly modified only as late as 1881. This was the work of Ati Joaões, the successor of Theodorus and the immediate predecessor of the Emperor Menelik. The reason is obvious : on the occasion of each vacancy caused by the death of the Abouna of Abyssinia, the monarch of Abyssinia in order to get a new Abouna was forced to reconcile himself with the Khedivial Government, whose possessions since the time of Khedive Ismail (1873—1878), surrounded Ethiopia to the south, the west, and the north. This neighbourhood gave rise to frequent wars, hence whenever the Emperor was in want of a Bishop, he had to make peace with the Khedive and restore any prisoners taken and any provinces conquered.

The Emperor Ati Joaões was clever enough, by means of presents and marks of great respect, to induce the orthodox Coptic Patriarch Amba Kyrillus, who is at present at the head of the schismatic Copts, to consecrate four instead of only one Bishop for Abyssinia.

His intention was thus to ensure that at the death of one of the four Bishops the three remaining would consecrate as Bishop some Abyssinian priest of the country. This diplomatic move, full of consequences with regard to the Coptic and Abyssinian Churches, which it threatened to separate sooner or later into two independent Churches, was not recognized in all its bearings by Amba Kyrillus ; or if it were he did not think it worth while to pay attention to it. The four Bishops were

consecrated and left Cairo for Abyssinia. Since then one of them died; but such is the force of habit, such is still the prestige of the Coptic Patriarch in Abyssinia, that the surviving Bishops have not yet deemed it advisable to proceed to the consecration of a successor to the defunct Bishop. In fact there are actually in Abyssinia only two of the four Bishops sent by Kyrillus; one died, as I have said; a second, the Bishop of Gadgam, having had some difficulties in his diocese, retired to a convent in Lower Egypt and is still there.

It must also be said that Ati Joaões no longer rules the destinies of Abyssinia. He was killed in 1887 in a battle against the Dervishes. The present monarch is Menelik, and as he is considered to be very religiously minded, it is quite possible that he prefers the advantages of religious union to those of political independence. Besides, the real neighbours of the Abyssinians are at present not the Egyptians, but the English; and the "Lion of the tribe of Judah," as Menelik styles himself, knows very well that even in the case of a long war with the English the latter would not be likely to prevent a peaceful embassy from coming from the highlands of Abyssinia to the banks of the Nile; to take them a minister of peace *par excellence*, to be a spiritual guide of a Christian people. Hence things are allowed to remain as they were, and most probably the two or three remaining Bishops will have to see—before we or our successors shall have an occasion, as I had in 1881 of seeing—an Abyssinian embassy in Cairo, and admire the piety of its members, princes and priests, who before their departure for, and after their return from the Holy Land, which they visited with great eagerness, passed a good part of their time visiting the churches in Cairo, without making much difference as far as we could see between those that belong to their brothers the schismatic Copts and those belonging to the other groups of Christians, Oriental or Latin, Catholic or non-Catholic. We saw them remaining for whole hours prostrate or kneeling with their arms extended to form a cross, before the statue of the Blessed Virgin in our modest chapel as it then existed. When they met us in the streets they prostrated themselves at our feet, and with respect and piety, kissed the hem of our threadbare gowns. The sight of the piety of these good Abyssinians joined with the fact of the dependency of the Abyssinian Church to the Church of Alexandria—originally her mother in the true faith, later on her leader into schism—

brought home to me the conviction, that if the Copts were to become faithful children of the Catholic Church, the Abyssinians would be brought back to this centre of union, and would themselves demand Catholic priests, to instruct them in the faith and practices of our holy religion.

My conviction was strengthened by a conversation with Mgr. Touvier, the Catholic Bishop of Abyssinia, or more correctly of the province of Kreuz; a province occupied alternately by Egypt and Abyssinia.

His lordship on the occasion of a visit to Cairo with the intention of getting the French Minister to support some claims of, I forget what nature, did us the honour of staying at our College while he remained in the capital of Egypt. In the course of conversation one day we came to discuss the fact that the Bishop of Abyssinia, and the missionaries of Egypt, were labouring at one and the same work. One of our Fathers said that by striving to bring the Copts back to union with Rome, the missionaries were evidently working for the conversion of Abyssinia; his lordship entered immediately into this manner of viewing the situation, and said with emotion, "Yes, Father, you are perfectly right, the conversion of the Copts will necessarily lead to the conversion of the Abyssinians." Since this conversation, especially since certain well-known events so glorious for Abyssinia, have brought her more before Europe than she was in the past, I have heard from various sources, more particularly from the lips of his Beatitude Mgr. Macaire, that the highest ecclesiastical personalities were very much pre-occupied with Abyssinia's religious future, and with the struggle for paramount influence, which is being carried on by England, Russia, France, and Italy, around the Emperor Menelik. It is well known to everybody what great interest the Holy Father takes in the important Church of Abyssinia. Certainly, the principal object of Mgr. Macaire's embassy to King Menelik was to effect the deliverance of the Italian prisoners; but very little reflection is needed to see that Leo XIII., of glorious memory, availed himself of this opportunity to enter into relations with the head of that powerful Christian Empire, which will be of advantage to the Catholic Church. All hopes have not perhaps been realized, but the question has been opened, and the day of its solution may be at hand.

Meanwhile the importance of this Christian Empire,

surrounded by various nations of Africa ; the ascendancy it carries, because of its geographical position, and the warlike spirit of its population ; the interest both England and France have, to conciliate its favour—all this has caused that this country, which hitherto had remained outside political calculations, and for which the religious question now holds the foremost place, has become the theatre of a very lively struggle for political influence.

The religious question now kept in the background will, sooner or later, necessarily be taken in hand. - We must be ready against that contingency if we are to have any chance of the question being solved in favour of Catholicism. Now every one sees how preponderant would be the position of the Catholic Church in Abyssinia, if, when the time comes for solving its religious question, the Copts of Egypt are in great part reunited with the Catholic Church ; if their Coptic Bishops and priests in union with Rome, are at hand to be sent to assist the Abyssinian Church ; not against their will, as were the Abounas hitherto sent by schism, but sent at their own request in the spirit of true apostles and pastors, *i.e.*, forgetful of self, and solely pre-occupied with the interests of God and the good of the flock confided to their care. Such Coptic Bishops and priests could then in all truth say, "We, your fathers and brothers in the true Faith, we, who have the same prayers, the same Liturgy, the same ceremonies as you have, we come to you of our free-will, to remain with you for good and all. We bring you the true Faith of your fathers and of our fathers. In the spirit of our brothers spread all over the face of the world, the missionaries of the one, holy, Apostolic Church, we desire to consecrate our entire life to your good, to instruct you, to educate you, and thus to assist you in saving your souls. . . . Will you receive us?"

Certainly such Coptic missions would be received by the Abyssinians, and in a short time their zeal, their success, their devotedness, would make a deep impression on the minds of men who have always remained profoundly Christian. At the sight of the new apostles, the Faith would awaken with redoubled energy and become fruitful in good works ; fervent Christians would soon begin to show themselves on all sides ; religious life would flourish ; vocations to the priesthood and to the apostolate would blossom forth, and in its turn, warlike and Christian Abyssinia would become a nation of apostles.

Such would be the first and very great consequence of the conversion, *i.e.*, the re-union of the Copts with the Catholic Church. Abyssinia would be forced to do the same. As soon as these two Christian nations, the Copts and the Abyssinians, again united with Rome, should produce an abundance of priests, religious men and women, seminarists and missionaries, the conversion of the Soudan, which lies between Egypt and Abyssinia, might be attempted with every hope of success. This is the perspective which opens out to my mental vision, and which seems to me to be clear enough to make evident to all Christians the importance of the Coptic Mission in Upper Egypt, to which for the last fifteen years the Fathers of the Society of Jesus have devoted themselves with unceasing activity, and, thanks be rendered to God, not without some success.

The principal work which this mission has to sustain, a work which was pointed out to it, and imposed upon it, some ten years ago, by His Holiness the then Pope, is the work of free schools in villages which have returned to union with the Catholic Church. His Holiness was so impressed with the importance and necessity of these schools that, seeing how impossible it was for us to find the necessary pecuniary means, he himself deigned to furnish the funds required to open thirty such schools in which education is entirely gratuitous.

The schools have thus been opened, and under the direction of two Fathers, who monthly inspect, one the group to the north, the other the group to the south of Minieh, paying the teachers, examining the children, preaching to and hearing confessions of the people. They have developed and flourished up to the present, very much to the good of religion; strengthening the Faith among the recently converted and preparing a generation of practical and fervent Catholics. All would be as could be desired, had the Holy Father been able to bear the strain this up-keep of thirty schools entailed on his slender exchequer, which has to meet so many, so urgent, and such great claims. About two years ago the Holy Father felt himself (with great regret) obliged to inform us that he could no longer furnish the means required for the up-keep of the schools. He sent us his Apostolic Blessing again, and while encouraging us, urged us, in spite of the absence of assured funds, to do our best to keep the existing schools open.

His Holiness advised us to address ourselves to the faithful of the entire Catholic world, taking care to let them know the great importance of the work. He promised his special blessing for all benefactors who would respond to our appeal.

We have followed these directions by means of private letters, we have made known the situation of this mission, and the importance of the work of free schools in it, to a certain number of persons, of these some, very few, too few, alas ! have consented to bear the expense of one or a part of one of these schools.

The schools are of two kinds—those in which only one language, Arabic, is taught, and the children are thoroughly instructed in their Catechism, are the village schools ; the other kind comprises those in larger centres, in which besides religious instruction, two living languages are taught—Arabic, and generally English, but in these latter the expenses rise from £12 in village schools to £36. To be a benefactor one has to adopt a school of the first, or of the second kind, by guaranteeing an annual rent of £12 or £36.

The ideal thing would be to find benefactors who would give the capital that represents the yearly up-keep of one or other kind of school. However, whether the capital be paid in a lump sum or the interest be sent yearly for any number of years—one or more—the generous Catholic becomes a benefactor, and has thus a right :

1st. To give the school his name or any name he likes, *e.g.*, the School of St. Edward.

2nd. The spiritual advantages connected with the prayers, the "Our Father" and one "Hail Mary," which the children say every day before class for their benefactors.

3rd. To receive a yearly report of the state of the adopted school.

May God grant that these spiritual advantages and also the blessing promised by the Holy Father, and more especially the consciousness of the great good resulting from the work of the schools, may determine some English Catholics, in spite of the pressing calls upon their purse coming from different sides in their own country, to come to the assistance of the Catholic Coptic Church in Egypt and the Soudan, by entering in their budget something in favour of the Catholic Coptic Free Schools. Whatever part they may destine for schools in the mission

of Minieh, in Upper Egypt, under the care and direction of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, may be sent directly to the writer of these articles,

PERE EUGÈNE NOURRIT, S.J.,
Missionary at Minieh, Upper Egypt.

[For some time the official name of Fashoda is Khodak. This change is owing to a wish of his Majesty King Edward VII., who desires to remove as much as possible the irritation to the French caused by hearing the word Fashoda. This is more than mere pacific policy, it is true Christian charity, with its forethought and refined tact.

The name Abouna (our Father) is the title used by Arab Christians, *i.e.*, all Christians using the Arabic language, in addressing a priest. In Egypt the title Amba is reserved for the Patriarch and for Bishops. In Abyssinia the title Abouna designates the Bishop consecrated by the Coptic Patriarch, and sent by him to Abyssinia to be his Vicar there, and the Episcopal head of all the Christians of that country.]

The Novels of Miss Yonge.

THERE is scarcely any quarter in which the difference between the present generation of young people and that which immediately preceded it is more strikingly apparent, than that of literary taste. Whether the change be for the better or not, may be a doubtful question; but, in view of the enormous influence undoubtedly exercised by literature over young and growing minds, it can hardly be deemed an unprofitable one to consider. It would be difficult to find a more conspicuous instance of it than that presented by the novels of Miss Yonge, which are in many respects peculiarly interesting to Catholics, from the manner in which they reflect the spirit of the Tractarian movement, and consequently, to a great extent, that of the Church's teaching. It was indeed to Keble—whose *Christian Year* probably did far more to spread Tractarianism among the mass of the laity than the theological labours of any of his colleagues—that Miss Yonge was indebted for a large measure of her inspiration; and his influence can be distinctly traced throughout the whole of her literary work.

It is difficult for readers of this generation to understand the sensation which *The Heir of Redclyffe* produced on Miss Yonge's contemporaries; though the secret of its popularity with the young is by no means hard to fathom. The leading figures in the story are indeed open to a reproach to which, in a greater or less degree, most of her heroic characters are liable—not so much that they are impossibly good, as that their goodness is apt to take a shape which, to the unregenerate mind, is anything but attractive. A hero who is perpetually turning his soul inside out in order to watch his spiritual development can scarcely escape being a prig; and it is impossible to help feeling a wicked sympathy with the unkind critic who applies that epithet to Guy Morville. In spite of this defect, however, it is doubtful if any one ever read the book for the first time without being sensible of its charm. It was somewhat grandilo-

quently said of Richardson that he taught the passions to move at the command of virtue. If Miss Yonge did not exactly do this, she accomplished a not less useful if more humble feat, by making the good hero popular. And to the fulfilment of this task she brought literary powers which, if they fall far short of genius, certainly entitle her to be ranked with those who possess at least some of its attributes. Among these was an eye for the finer shades of character, and a skill in bringing out its more commonplace manifestations, which—though she lacks the humour of the older and greater writer—in some respects recall the work of Miss Austen. Throughout all Miss Yonge's interminable family histories she hardly ever repeats a type; and it was probably this gift of hers, joined to the vivid imagination which led her to identify herself with her own creations, which induced her to crowd her pages with characters, old and new, in a manner frequently trying to the average reader. No one not possessed of a head for genealogy ought ever to venture on those innumerable sequels to her earlier works, in which Mays and Underwoods, Mohuns and Merrifields, with all the descendants of their many inter-marriages, jostle one another in an endless succession, bewildering to the strongest memory. The secluded life of their creator, and her somewhat monotonous existence in a quiet country village, helped, in all probability, to foster this tendency.

There can be no doubt that this seclusion of Miss Yonge's, confining as it did the exercise of her literary powers within a narrow round of commonplace events, such as it needs a rare fineness of touch to make attractive, was in many ways a distinct advantage in the development of her peculiar gift. Its drawbacks are seen in sundry defects which, to the impartial critic, are apt to detract from the merit of her work—in a certain narrowness of outlook, an occasional inclination to make mountains out of molehills, and an insularity closely connected with her religious attitude, which a wider experience of travel would in all likelihood have lessened, if not actually removed. It is probable also that the decided strain of morbidness which is one of Miss Yonge's besetting sins may be traced partly to this source. Her heroic characters are prone to push the virtue of self-sacrifice to such over-strained and unreasonable limits that the reader is irresistibly reminded of the old nursery rhyme concerning the four young ladies who "were always taught to do the thing they didn't like, which means the thing they ought."

This wrong-headedness, which is perhaps at its worst in two of her best-known works, *The Heir of Redclyffe* and *The Pillars of the House*, too often interferes with the enjoyment which would otherwise be derived from their perusal, though it ought not to obscure the perception of their literary merit, or of the high spiritual tone—also a legacy of the Tractarian movement—which pervades every page.

How far this blemish is really due to the narrow sphere in which Miss Yonge moved, and how far to a natural scrupulosity of temperament, is exceedingly difficult to say. There are times when—in view of the close connection between her peculiar genius and the ideas of the school to which she belonged—the Catholic reader is tempted to suspect that it might perhaps have been diminished had she had the advantage of coming under the direction of a confessor who had the experience of the Universal Church to guide him. But be this as it may, there are in her writings other peculiarities which bear so unmistakably the impress of the movement to which she owed her inspiration, that we can have no doubt as to their origin. The most marked of these is a dread of excess in matters of religious feeling, and a spirit of sobriety amounting almost to timidity, which pervaded her most ardent effusions of piety, and, though doubtless wholesome as a check upon youthful extravagance, have sometimes a curious effect. The robe of righteousness, we cannot but feel, if not precisely a white sheet, is too apt in her pages to become a wet blanket; and the impression left upon a critic not brought up in her peculiar school is at times decidedly depressing.

In spite of this drawback, however, Miss Yonge's family chronicles are almost unrivalled as far as this style of literature is concerned; and though their defects may be such as occasionally to irritate the reader, he will find it hard to resist their spell. There are few writers who have ever excelled Miss Yonge in the difficult art of throwing side-lights on a character by a number of delicate touches, often introduced with the happiest effect, and bearing witness to no small degree of literary skill. The most successful of her family histories is perhaps *The Daisy Chain*, which brings out one of the author's strongest points—the admirable manner in which she could depict a growing girl at the most trying period of her existence. Indeed, in the delineation of what the Germans call a *Backfisch*, there are few who have ever surpassed Miss Yonge. Making the

necessary allowance for the decay of early Victorian primness, it would be difficult to draw the portrait of a growing, over-eager, and enthusiastic girl with more graphic touches than those which open *The Daisy Chain*.

"Miss Winter, are you busy? Do you want this afternoon? Can you take a good long walk?"

"Ethel, my dear, how often have I told you of your impetuosity—you have forgotten."

"Very well"—with an impatient twist—"I beg your pardon. Good morning, Miss Winter," said a thin, lank, angular, sallow girl, just fifteen, trembling from head to foot with restrained eagerness, as she tried to curb her tone into the requisite civility.

"Good morning, Ethel; good morning, Flora," said the prim, middle-aged daily governess, taking off her bonnet, and arranging the stiff little rolls of curl at the long, narrow looking-glass, the border of which distorted the countenance.

"Good morning," properly responded Flora, a pretty, fair girl, nearly two years older than her sister.

"Will you," began to burst from Etheldreda's lips again, but was stifled by Miss Winter's inquiry, "Is your mamma pretty well to-day?"

"Oh! very well," said both at once; "she is coming to the reading." And Flora added, "Papa is going to drive her out to-day."

"I am very glad. And the baby?"

"I do believe she does it on purpose!" whispered Ethel to herself, wriggling fearfully on the wide window-seat on which she had precipitated herself, and kicking at the bar of the table, by which manifestations she of course succeeded in deferring her hopes, by a reproof which caused her to draw herself into a rigid, melancholy attitude, a sort of penance of decorum, but a rapid motion of the eyelids, a tendency to crack the joints of the fingers, and an unquietness at the ends of her shoes, betraying the restlessness of the digits therein contained.

It was probably no fault of Miss Yonge's if the later specimens of her skill in this direction were very inferior to her earlier works. The species of writing of which *The Daisy Chain* and *The Pillars of the House* were such successful types is indeed one very difficult to sustain with credit, and peculiarly likely to pall upon the reader. Miss Yonge's style, moreover, had always been open to the reproach of being somewhat slipshod; and, as years advanced, and the fount of literary inspiration began to flow less freely, her plots, though rarely unnatural, had a tendency to become mechanical. But besides all this, there was another cause at work, which is in itself quite sufficient to

account for the change—in the difference between the world of the writer's early youth, and that for which she catered in her later days. Of this fact it is probable, from the language she occasionally uses, that she herself was at least partially aware. "Is not each generation," she writes in one of her novels, "a *terra incognita* to the last? A question which those feel most decidedly who stand on the border-land of both, with love and sympathy divided between the old and the new, clinging to the one, and fearing to alienate the other." It seems likely that this quotation fairly represents Miss Yonge's mental attitude. Certainly, throughout all her books there runs the thread of an honest effort to keep pace with the new age; and if her secluded life too often put her out of touch with many movements which engage the sympathies of a younger generation, it is not fair to blame her for a disability so largely the result of circumstances. Scarcely less unjust than this censure is the charge which critics of a certain school occasionally bring against Miss Yonge, of wilfully ignoring in her stories all the darker and more unpleasant sides of life. It would not be difficult to show, from many touches in her works, the entire baselessness of this accusation; though, with a reticence which one cannot but wish were copied by certain modern writers, she forbears to drag the sordid and repulsive into the light of day.

By no means the least of Miss Yonge's merits is one in which far greater writers have not seldom fallen short—the excellence of her pictures of child-life. Her good children have indeed one defect, proverbially common in books written for the moral improvement of the young—a too frequent tendency to die in an edifying manner. But her naughty ones are altogether charming; and even her juvenile heroes and heroines, when not too precocious in their piety, are always natural and attractive. There are few more delightful little boys in fiction than the "little Duke;" and the author's works abound in similar portraits, all drawn with a loving sympathy and comprehension of youthful weaknesses, which could have its base only in a thorough insight into the child-mind.

Although it is as the compiler of family chronicles that Miss Yonge is best known to the present generation, there is another department of her literary work in which her excellence is fully conspicuous, while it gives her room for the display of endowments of a much rarer and higher order. This consists of her historical tales and sketches, many of which—notably

The Little Duke, and the stirring *Lances of Lynwood*, with its graphic pictures of mediæval times—have been the delight of countless childish readers. We will venture to say that some of Miss Yonge's historical romances have been surpassed by few writers but Scott—of whom, it is satisfactory to remember, she was always an ardent worshipper. Untrue to history she may occasionally be; but that she possessed the historical sense in no common measure, any reader of her books may easily convince himself. One at least of her mediæval novels—*The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*—has always seemed to me, in delicacy of touch, in force of imagination, and in the vividness and charm of its historical portraiture, the finest of all Miss Yonge's works. If the fictitious heroes of her tales of chivalry are too much touched with the romantic glamour of the school of Fouqué, her pictures of historical personages, besides being marked by her usual painstaking accuracy of detail, are—if we make allowance for a strong tendency to hero-worship—remarkably true to life. Probably the best of them all is the portrait of Maximilian in *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*; though the sketch of James I. (of Scotland) in *The Caged Lion* is a worthy rival to it, and is approached only by that of Henry V. in the same work. For that royal filibuster Miss Yonge evidently had an admiration which the present writer confesses to being unable to share; but however softened may be the outlines of the figure, there can be no question as to the vigour with which it is drawn.

Nor is the literary merit of such tales as these the only direction in which Miss Yonge may fairly claim credit. Besides the fame which is due to her as a writer, we owe her a deep debt of gratitude for replacing, by a juster and more sympathetic picture, the grotesque caricatures of mediæval faith and practice which writers of a certain stamp were fond of presenting for the edification of Protestant youth. If any one wishes to appreciate the extent to which Miss Yonge has improved upon her contemporaries in this respect, let him procure the works of another popular writer for the young, Mrs. Emma Jane Worboise, and be duly thankful for the contrast. And it is here that we realize the great advantage which the writer who is familiar with the teaching and spirit of the Catholic Church possesses over him who is a stranger to her doctrines. This does not of course imply that the manner in which that spirit manifests itself is invariably the same. "God fulfils Himself in many ways." The piety of

the Middle Ages is not that of the nineteenth century ; and, to the most sympathetic of modern intellects, the heart of mediæval man is apt to remain a closed casket. But the real privilege of the Catholic writer is that the key to the lock is in his hands ; and the devout Anglican, in so far as he has come under the influence of the Church's teaching, shares in this boon. Compare works like *The Chaplet of Pearls* and *The Release*, with their respectful, if slightly ambiguous treatment of the subject of monastic vows, and the veneration exhibited in them for the religious life, with the productions of another Protestant writer of no small merit and popularity in her day, the author of *Father Clement*. Indeed, it is only necessary to open at random the pages of any of Miss Yonge's historical tales, to perceive how enormous was the advantage which her religious standpoint gave her in this direction, even over such authors as Scott himself. If we contrast the attitude displayed towards monastic bodies in *The Monastery* and *The Abbot* with that which we find in her works, we shall realize at once the distance which the world has travelled since the days of the eighteenth century. It would be difficult for the most devout Catholic to write of the religious vocation with more genuine reverence and sympathy than that which inspired certain chapters of *The Caged Lion*. And this tone comes out almost as strongly—even when not accompanied by the distinct inculcation of Catholic doctrine—in some of Miss Yonge's earlier books.

It is sometimes put forward by Miss Yonge's admirers as one of her peculiar merits, as it is assuredly one of her titles to distinction, that she acted as the mouthpiece in fiction of a certain section of the Anglican Church. Such is undoubtedly the case ; but I cannot but think that, so far from her work having benefited by this fact, its influence has been distinctly prejudicial ; and that inasmuch as she stands as the champion of a school outside the Universal Church, her writings have lost, not only in moral power, but in literary value. A fuller insight into Catholic teaching might have removed that narrowness of view and tendency towards the overstrained and morbid, that exaggerated cautiousness when confronted with spiritual phenomena, which, together with an insularity almost amounting to parochialism, are the gravest defects of her books, and are no doubt largely accountable for their waning popularity among the young. Yet, when all is said, it is highly

probable that of all the many contemporary claimants to Miss Yonge's vacant chair, there are very few who can even approach her in genuine literary power ; and it may be questioned if she has left any writer in her own department of literature who is capable of filling her place. The latter fact would be equally true if her intellectual gifts had been of a far lower order than was actually the case. For however dubious we may feel as to Miss Yonge's popularity with future generations, there can be no doubt as to the excellence of the work which she accomplished for the juvenile readers of her day. It is no small advantage to those who are at a time of life when the mind is peculiarly susceptible to such impressions, to have constantly held up before their eyes a series of pictures which, if sometimes narrow in scope and deficient in perspective, are invariably marked by a lofty and strenuous moral purpose, a high and pure ideal, and a pervading sense of the nearness and reality of the spiritual world. For the sake of all these, we might well consent to pardon many minor defects, even did her works stand on a far lower literary plane than that which they occupy in reality. She herself would unquestionably have asked no greater reward than that of having contributed to raise the moral tone of her generation ; and, if a far higher tribute than this may justly be paid her, there is none which would have been more grateful to her feelings. But all who can appreciate a literary gift not less real because remarkably spontaneous and unobtrusive ; all who are capable of feeling the charm of the singularly noble and unworldly nature which left its stamp upon every line she wrote ; and especially all those who can rejoice to see the spirit of the Church's teaching reflected in the pages of one who most assuredly belonged to her in heart and intention, though unhappily separated from her visible fold, will not fail to pay its due meed of honour to the name of Charlotte Yonge.

T. ELLIOT RANKEN.

The Member for Fairdale.

CHAPTER I.

A MAN OF NO POSITION.

THE club was nearly empty that stifling August evening, and Ronald Dare had been almost the only diner. As he entered the smoking-room he found that he had the place entirely to himself, and he was not sorry. Solitude just then suited him, for he was out of temper with mankind in general, and with his own world in particular. He was a strongly-built, somewhat bony young man, with full beard and moustache of a golden brown which hid his expressive mouth. His forehead was rather massive, and owed nothing of its expanse to any baldness, for his head was thickly covered with fair curly hair. His dress, though neat, was distinctly that of a man who was "passing through" as became the season, for August was well advanced, and the House had been up a fortnight.

Not that the House affected Ronald—not as yet at least. Still it affected his club, and thus he found himself alone on this sultry evening, lying lazily on the smoking-room divan, the dull cadence of the ceaseless Piccadilly traffic falling on his listless ear, while now and then he took a puff at his cigar and blew the smoke impatiently from his mouth.

If any one had chanced to peer in through the wide open French windows, he would have seen in a moment that Ronald Dare, despite his luxurious surroundings, was not happy. His smooth brow was wrinkled, and now and then he muttered something between his clenched teeth. At last he rose, threw the end of his cigar into the empty grate, heaved a sigh, strode slowly into the hall, and taking his hat from the porter, walked out of the club.

Piccadilly, despite its traffic, was to Ronald as desolate as the club; but this solitude was in tune with his thoughts. Companionship to-night would have been intolerable to him.

He was in that state of mind which nothing but time can heal. His misery was so great, his pain so intense, that any human sympathy, any converse even, would have been as cruel to him as the rending of bandages from a newly-made wound. Of course it was the old story—love; love, and the ruthless father. It was bitter indeed, and apparently irremediable; but after all, if only Ronald could have realized it, it might have been worse, for his love was returned. It was the father who barred the way, not the loved one herself.

Still it was bad enough. Sir Richard Forester had been decided in his refusal, and, what is more, he had been candid—almost brutally so. "Gertrude must not marry any one who has not got a position." Such had been his words. "Now, Mr. Dare, your birth is all that I could desire, and I know that you have means enough to support a wife, but you will pardon me if I say that a barrister of four years' standing, who has not yet made a name, can scarcely be described as having any position at all."

And then Sir Richard had leant back in his chair and smiled, disclosing his perfect set of teeth, and Ronald, as he gazed at them, would willingly have given all the world twice over, to have had the power of ordering them to be drawn slowly one by one.

The words had been said to him six hours ago down in Somersetshire, but they still bit and smarted as he walked along the baked pavements of Piccadilly and the Strand, and woke the echoes of the old Temple buildings. He let himself into his solitary chambers, threw himself into his arm-chair near the window, and again and again rehearsed the scene. Each word that Sir Richard had spoken was burnt into his memory, each gesture that the Baronet had made was as clear to his vision now as it had been that afternoon in the old library at Pine Court, when the great longing of his heart had been thus cruelly frustrated.

Even the soft monotonous lapping of the river against the huge barges, or the swift passage of some belated steamer with its freight of laughing holiday-makers, failed to soothe him. He gazed at the light craft as they rocked in the waves which the paddles had brought to life, at the chain of lamps which ran along the bridge, at the lurid glow cast by some distant furnace upon the sky, he listened to the chimes from half a dozen spires as the quarters slipped away, but none of these

sights or sounds became his own. His real self was always in that high-roofed library at Pine Court, with the trim carpet of grass and the brilliant flower-beds framed by the lancet windows. Or if ever the scene shifted, the face of Gertrude would come before his mental vision, not joyous and bright as he had usually known it, or even thoughtful, as when she was listening to his words, but sad and tear-stained—for so had he seen it when he said farewell a few hours ago beneath the Somerset pines.

A neighbouring clock chimed ten. The solemn music roused Ronald and he rose from his chair. The room seemed strangely dark to eyes that had gazed so long into the soft August twilight. But there stood his lamp ready trimmed. As he lit it he caught sight of something white in the door—a letter dropped into the box by the last delivery. The writing was strange, the stamp and postmark foreign. At any other time Ronald would have sat down before breaking the seal, speculating as to who the writer could be. But nothing could interest him now, and he tore open the envelope, utterly careless of what it might contain.

My dear Dare [he read], I wonder if you remember me.

"No, who are you?" muttered Ronald, turning to the last page. "Oh, yes, to be sure. Foote, whom I met last year in the Tyrol. Rather a good sort."

And now he sat himself down and read on with some attention.

I am laid up with a sprained ankle, and the man who represents the science of surgery in the nearest village, tells me that I must not put foot to the ground for three weeks. Having absolutely no one to speak to, I am naturally rather dull. You barristers are generally idle about this time of year. Now, would it be possible for you to come and spend a week or ten days with me in this benighted but exalted place (for I am 3,000 feet above sea level), and beguile the time for me a little? It sounds rather calm to write to a man in London and ask him to travel some 800 miles, but I am buoyed up by the hope that you may already be in these regions, and I am writing to London for the letter to be forwarded. If you can join me, pray do so. You and I can have a nice little trip together when I am well. Meanwhile I am to be found at the *Touristen* in the Sarnthal, where, you may remember, we stopped a night last year.

Yours sincerely,

REGINALD FOOTE.

No sooner had Ronald read to the end of the letter than he buried himself deep in the pages of Bradshaw. Then out came his Gladstone, and in twenty minutes he was ready to start by the morning train to the Continent. Change of scene was the very thing for him in his present state of depression, and though the old warning, *Cælum, non animam, mutant qui trans mare currunt*, rang in his ears, he set out in the cool of the following morning with a sense that he was somehow leaving his troubles behind. Nothing eventful occurred during his journey through Belgium, Germany, and into the Tyrolese paradise. He halted nowhere save for one night at Innsbruck, so that he might see the Brenner by the light of day. Three days after leaving London he was dining in the cool garden of an hotel in Botzen. Thence on the following morning he took a seat in what was ambitiously called the post, but which was nothing more than a mule-drawn cart, and before noon he was at his friend's hotel.

CHAPTER II.

NATURE'S SPOILT CHILD.

THE weather had been sultry in the extreme, and Ronald's journey across the plains had been a painful one. The refreshment he experienced in the cool, bracing air of the Austrian Tyrol on his arrival was indescribable. The calm majesty of the mountains dressed out in gorgeous summer verdure, their barren peaks mellowed by the slanting rays of the sun; the monotonous, drowsy sound of the shallow mountain river far below, as it tumbled from step to step along its rocky bed; the soothing influence of these surroundings, added to the sense that his presence was a real boon to his disabled friend, brought balm to his mind and diverted his thoughts from brooding over the wound which Sir Richard Forester's cruelty had inflicted upon him.

Indeed a deep peace flooded Ronald's heart on his first evening in the Sarntal, as he strolled listlessly along the narrow mountain road, feasting his eyes upon the successive vistas of woodland and rockery which opened upon his view in enchanting variety. Now and then a peasant, returning from his work, would salute him with a courteous word and smile, and Ronald would look at his manly figure and picturesque

costume, calling to mind the stalwart mountaineers who fought for home and country under the noble patriot Hofer. If it is anywhere possible to forget the blows and buffets of fortune, and to feel that the wounds inflicted by our fellow-men have still left us something to live for, that the battle may still be fought and won, it is surely in the exhilarating buoyancy of the Tyrolese air, and amid the silent majesty of the Julian Alps.

Ronald had the immense advantage of youth on his side. He was conscious of perfect health and of that reserve of strength and power of work, which make a man almost welcome difficulties for the mere pleasure of beating them down. In the airless solitude of London, indeed, he had seemed prostrate beneath his disappointment. Here, amid the wild exuberance of nature, his spirit rose once more, his manhood asserted itself, and looking up to the deep blue of the southern sky, he made a resolve, which was little short of a vow, to win for himself a name such as Sir Richard Forester should be forced to acknowledge.

Reginald Foote was just the sort of companion that Ronald needed. He had a breezy, wholesome disposition; he had no cares, plenty of money, a faculty for enjoying the best things in life, and withal he was a gentleman to the backbone.

He and Ronald were in some respects such absolute contrasts to each other, that it was an *a priori* certainty that they would soon become close friends. Ronald was in every fibre of his being an ambitious man. When called to the Bar he determined that he would one day be the foremost lawyer in England; he would enter Parliament, he would sit among the men of Empire and the makers of history on the Treasury Bench. He used to tell himself in these days that if he had been at Oxford or Cambridge, he would have worked out his career there in such a way that his name should be welded into intimate connection with all that was best in his University.

And now, curiously enough, the desire of his heart was being made to depend for its fulfilment upon the realization of some at least of his dreams. "The man who marries Gertrude must have a position." Such had been the condition which Sir Richard had made, and for years before Gertrude had come into his life, a "position" had been the object for which Ronald had resolved to work.

Reginald Foote, on the other hand, found himself at the threshold of life in the precise circumstances which an ambitious

man would have welcomed. He was the only child of a rich country gentleman, a baronet with broad acres, and a lineage as long as Upper Wimpole Street. He had known exactly the right set at Oxford; his exploits on the river had not prevented his obtaining a very respectable degree, and, as all the world knew, the present Member of Parliament for Fairdale, Mr. Martingay, was merely keeping the seat until Reginald should care to take it, as it was little short of his right to do.

But in Reginald's nature ambition had no place, least of all political ambition. He was essentially bucolic; all his tastes and ideas were rural and pastoral; the science of farming, the improvement of cattle, the study of agriculture down to the minutest details, were subjects upon which he was willing to devote every talent that he possessed. As for Parliament, he simply looked upon it as the penalty which Nature exacted as the set-off against all the good things with which she had endowed him. It was a school in which certain grown-up men were forced by their position to spend some dreary years, just as boys are compelled to do the same at schools of another kind.

The joy of battle, the subtle electricity which thrills through the veins, the maddening exhilaration, intoxicating as wine, which those only can fully realize whose very home, as it were, is on the benches of the House—these ideals and sentiments were absolutely foreign to Reginald's nature. Some day, he knew, he would have to enter Parliament. He knew it as people know that they must die or go to the dentist. But as for experiencing any thrill of pleasure at the prospect, he would probably have answered, if questioned on the subject, what William George Ward replied when asked whether he did not get fond of his horses, which for the sake of his health he had to ride, "You might as well ask if I were fond of my pills."

Reginald was able to hobble about with a crutch soon after his friend's arrival at the *Touristen*. Any distant expeditions were of course out of the question, but the burning sun made this a small privation, especially as there were innumerable shady nooks within easy reach of the little inn.

Lying on the short grass, watching the blue smoke from their cigars curl into the still clear air, and discussing every kind of subject from philosophy to cricket, the two men became close friends, their mutual understanding and sympathy growing

in a few days to an extent which could never have been attained amid the artificial conditions of London life.

"I have never heard the details of your accident yet," remarked Ronald one evening as the two men, after reading the London papers, sat revelling in the cool breeze under the pines.

"Oh, it was done in a moment. I was climbing—a thing which Nature never intended me to do. What can one want more beautiful than this mountain-side? There is nothing really to be gained by reaching the top."

"I don't agree," replied Ronald, "and I doubt whether you will say so when your ankle is strong."

"Yes, I shall. No, it's not a question of sour grapes, on my honour, it's the mountains which I revel in. If you're at the top—I mean if you clamber up the rocks at the very summit—you can't see them."

"Then how came you to do it?"

"I didn't do it exactly, but I was climbing, all the same. There is a nice Englishman living about sixteen miles further up the valley. He has a silver mine there. I walked with him to see it, and it was on the rocks there that I slipped one day and twisted my ankle. I was climbing up the highest adit when the accident happened."

"Who is the Englishman?"

"A very noble fellow he seemed to me. More bent upon doing good to the people about than on making money, and that is rare enough now-a-days to ennoble a man."

"Surely. But what do you really mean by saying that Nature did not mean you to climb?"

"Simply that and nothing more," replied Reginald.

"But, look here, it seems to me that it's only because you've reached the top already, or rather that you have so nearly reached it that no climbing is necessary."

"As how?"

"Well, you've got all you can possibly want. You are as strong as a Hercules; as healthy as one of these mountaineers; as well endowed with brains as any ordinary man could wish; you have land and farms which are your hobby it seems; and, greatest and best of all, you are as sure of entering the House of Commons as I am of to-night's dinner."

"The one bitter drop in the cup, Dare; the one thing which poisons all the rest."

"What is?"

"Why, the last condition of my life which you mentioned. The one that spoils the others. You call me strong and healthy; well, where's the fun of wasting health and strength listening all night to half-baked sophisms badly enunciated in a poisoned atmosphere? What is the use of money, if one has to be condemned to such a fate? And what is the use of land and farms if one has to live hundreds of miles away from them wearing one's life out attending Committees, getting up Blue Books, hunted out of bed by Whips, listening to bores and faddists? I only wish I could get Martingay to keep the seat for ever."

Dare could not help laughing at the picture, and at the rueful way in which Reginald bewailed his fate.

"But, good heavens!" he said, "to think how badly Nature has distributed her gifts! Here am I, willing to do nearly anything short of manslaughter to get into the House, while you are fretting because you can't keep out of it."

"You don't mean you would really enjoy such a life?"

"Wouldn't I? Why I tell you that one of the chief motives I have in working hard at my profession is that it may possibly lead some day to a seat in the House."

"Well, well, there's no accounting for tastes. I'd a deal rather give up Fairdale altogether and settle down on one of these mountain farms in this lovely air and scenery. Only it would hurt the dear old governor, so I must just bow to Fate."

"Fate deserves a bow for treating you so royally. I wish I had your chance. But there's that smiling Fraulein coming to tell us that dinner is ready."

The weather was far too glorious for indoor meals, and the two friends were glad to find that the considerate Wirthin had spread a table with spotless napery under the verandah. A bottle of the light country wine had been cooled to a refreshing temperature by an hour's sojourn in a running stream, and this and an ample bunch of Meran grapes formed as pleasant an adornment to a dinner-table as a thirsty man could desire to see.

CHAPTER III.

THE RAM IN THE THICKET.

THAT evening Ronald was doomed to a good deal of solitude, as his friend was engaged upon what looked like a very voluminous correspondence. There was no hardship in this. The mountains were sufficiently prolific of beauty and variety to prevent the time hanging heavily on the young barrister's hands, and Reginald's accident and the inactivity resulting from it had lately kept Ronald from his usual exercise.

When dinner was over, and Reginald was covering one sheet after another with his small, close writing, Ronald started upon a long ramble. His spirits, though less gay than when in his friend's company, had by no means sunk again to the London level. Still there was a certain bitterness in the smile which curled his lips as he remembered the nature of Reginald's grievance.

"Fancy complaining of his lot in being forced into the House of Commons! A terrible fate surely! I wish I could change places with him; but it's the perversity of fortune I suppose. Here is a man with a seat on the green benches of the House of Commons being kept warm for him, actually grumbling because he can't spend the best years of his life in breeding prize bulls and concocting chemical manures. It's enough to make a man forswear meat for ever to witness such fatuous conduct. If only I had his chances I shouldn't hear much more about 'no position' from old Forester."

Thus Ronald trudged along the narrow mountain paths, chewing the cud of discontent, at the very time that he was feasting his eyes upon the summer glories of mountain, valley, and stream.

Meanwhile, all unconsciously to himself, a great crisis in his life was being prepared. His friend Reginald, on whose bucolic tastes he was even then pouring such withering scorn, was at that moment submitting to his father a scheme by which the path could be opened for Ronald's ambition. It was nothing less than a proposal that the present Member for Fairdale should be allowed to retire, as he had long desired to do, and that Ronald Dare should stand for the vacant seat.

To gain Sir Christopher Foote's consent to this plan, it was necessary for Reginald to describe, as graphically as he could,

the various qualifications which his friend possessed as a speaker, a thinker, and above all a Conservative. He had never, it is true, heard Ronald deliver a speech, but there are several other means besides that of actual speech-making by which a man can show that he is an orator. The keen, hawk-like eye, the brow lofty and commanding, the well-controlled lips, all these are seen in the man who is a born orator. And besides these, Reginald had noticed with what strong, firm, masterly grasp he had handled the various topics which they had discussed together; how well he had marshalled his arguments, giving full effect to those that were strong, hiding the flaws of those that were weak; causing paradoxes to look like truth by some brilliant and unexpected metaphor; pouring out a wealth of illustration, epigram, and wit, of which he seemed to possess a never-failing supply. And all this the young barrister did without effort or art. It was his natural way of speaking, at least when the subject in hand excited him. Reginald could testify, from personal observation, to Ronald's power—irritating beyond all words to an adversary—of appearing to agree with his opponent, of leading him on, of laying for him some artfully-concealed pitfall, and then with the full thunder of his artillery, smashing him to earth, rifling him of every shred of logical pelf, and leaving him quivering and speechless with defeat and vexation.

It was the bright smile and the humorous word which followed such onslaughts that enabled Reginald to remain cordial with so redoubtable an opponent. And there were subjects upon which the young barrister would listen with interest and deference to his friend, so demeaning himself in any argument upon them, as to show that his masterly and somewhat didactic manner was only the result of firmly-planted convictions, not of arrogance and conceit.

Thus did Reginald draw out and place before his father the salient points of Ronald's character; and as his heart was in the work, he performed it well. Now and then, indeed, he had felt galled as his friend's superior acumen had landed him in some dialectical quagmire, but this was no reason why he should not now contrive to turn the edge of the weapon in favour of his own interests. He could not have expected his father to accept an *ignoramus*, a fool, or a visionary as a candidate for the Parliamentary seat; indeed, if he wished to escape from his impending doom, if the uplifted knife was to be averted, it

behaved him to convince his father that the ram in the thicket was plump, healthy, without blemish, and, from a Parliamentary point of view, in every way desirable. The letter was necessarily long. The subject was of such vital moment to the writer that he was determined not to miss a single point which could tell. Sheet after sheet was covered, and when Ronald returned from his walk and threw himself into a chair with the pleasant fatigue that succeeds a mountain ramble, he found his friend addressing a bulky envelope.

"Hullo, writing ever since?" said he.

"Even so; and I'm pretty well tired, I can tell you."

"It's nothing to the letters you'll have to write when you're in the House, though. You'll have to butter up all sorts of people and make them think that black is white."

"Perhaps that's what I've been doing now," thought Reginald.

The days passed on, hours of burning sun, followed on some evenings by thunder-storms which were almost tropical: on others, by soft, clear starlight. By slow degrees Reginald became able to move about without the help of his crutch, and the two friends began to think that their sojourn at the little inn had lasted long enough.

One fine morning, therefore, they started off on foot to Botzen, Reginald feeling proud of his newly-recovered powers of walking.

That evening the two friends, for want of better employment, strolled down to the station just as the train for Italy glided in. Perhaps it was fate which drew Ronald to the spot at that particular moment. Anyhow, the fact, in itself so simple, almost robbed him, at the time, of his self-command, and plunged him for some hours into a fit of melancholy which sorely puzzled his friend. For happening to glance carelessly at the window of one of the carriages, he distinctly perceived the features which he so dearly loved and which for the last fortnight he had tried so hard to banish from his mental vision. In the corner of the carriage, close to the window, leaning forward to speak to a lady who was seated opposite, was Gertrude Forester. Ronald recognized her in an instant, and his heart seemed for a moment to cease beating. He had been pacing to and fro with Reginald, but now he stopped instinctively, and almost forgetting where he was, he continued to gaze as though petrified.

"What's up, Dare?" asked his friend, noticing his sudden pallor and his quick breathing.

"Nothing, I'm tired, that's all. Let's come away and sit down somewhere under the trees."

Not for worlds would he have made himself known to Gertrude at that moment, and he was thankful that she had not glanced in his direction. In the flurry and agitation of seeing her, he could not have controlled his voice. She was among strangers, too, whose eyes would have detected that there was something more than mere acquaintanceship between them.

As Ronald, leaning somewhat heavily on his friend's arm, walked slowly through the avenue of limes outside the station, he heard the whistle which announced that the train containing his greatest earthly treasure was moving off towards Italy.

As he sat that evening listening to the band, as though he heard it not, he was consumed with envy of his friend.

"Oh, that we could change places!" he thought, as some of Strauss' sweetest notes fell unheeded on his ear. "Oh, that my fate, like his, had been cast upon the highway which leads to distinction, to place and fame!" And though he was scarcely conscious then of the music, yet in after-days the notes of that particular waltz never fell upon his ears without their causing a kind of shudder, an unpleasant mental taste, recalling the miserable blank, the utter want of hope which filled his soul that evening when he had been obliged to turn away from Gertrude without speaking a word to her, without so much as pressing her hand or meeting her eye.

After asking a question or two as to the cause of his friend's evident distress, Reginald tactfully dropped the subject, and started one which a few days ago had roused Ronald into enthusiasm. This time, however, it fell flat. Try as he would Reginald could make no impression upon the moody silence of his companion. Many a line he threw, baited with fallacies which an hour ago would have been seized upon by Ronald with a fine frenzy of scorn and indignation. But that unlucky moment at the railway station had apparently killed his enthusiasm and thrown his logical faculty into a complete lethargy. Reginald naturally guessed that it was the sight of some one in the Italian Express which had wrought this notable change; though beyond this he was of course quite ignorant.

The little tour which Reginald had promised himself to celebrate his recovery was discussed by the two friends that evening as they sat at dinner in the hotel garden. Reginald knew Italy by heart, and his descriptions of the places he proposed to visit were vivid enough to distract Ronald from his melancholy thoughts and to convert him once more into a pleasant companion. The next morning the two men started. The first part of the tour was to be done on foot, as being the pleasantest way of seeing the country. They followed the military road up to the Mendel, whence they penetrated into the region of *cañons* which remind one of Mexico, admired the three churches built one over the other, and arrived tired out at a small market town, where they passed the night. The following day was spent in a *diligence* which took them as far as St. Michele, whence they got the railway to Trent.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher Foote, in his library at Fairdale, had been carefully studying his son's letter. The subject was important, perhaps in the eyes of the old Baronet the most important of all possible subjects. The representation of Fairdale Episcopi by the right kind of man was vital to his happiness, and of course by the right kind of man was meant a man of good birth, and a Conservative. Never since the Reform Bill had any one whose politics were so much as tainted with Whiggery or Liberalism, brought disgrace to the city by representing it in Parliament, and if such a thing should happen now, it would pretty well break the old man's heart. Full well did Sir Christopher know that the next Election—come when it might—would be anything but a walk-over for his candidate. The eldest son of the Earl of Plebs, Lord Democrite, had long ago been adopted as the Liberal candidate, and the young man, who had made rather a brilliant reputation at the Union, and had taken a double first at Balliol, was likely to make a good fight. Many a night had Sir Christopher lain awake fretting over the undoubted fact that of the two, Lord Democrite was far more likely to find his way into the House than was his son. And the Baronet had only been partially successful in comforting himself with the reflection that nine-tenths of the electors would vote for Reginald because he was his son, and heir to the baronetcy. At least that is what Mr. Featherstone always said. Now Mr. Featherstone was the Conservative Agent, and was popularly supposed to know Fairdale Episcopi as well as he knew his dining-room carpet. And here was Reginald pro-

posing to stand aside in favour of a young barrister whom nobody in the constituency had ever heard of.

"I don't like it, Featherstone," said Sir Christopher, as the Agent sat opposite the Baronet in the Fairdale library. "I don't like it. It's a risk, a terrible risk. And if we lose the seat now, Heaven knows what may happen."

"We shan't lose it, Sir Christopher," said the Agent, looking up from Reginald's letter. "If this Mr. Dare is anything like what your son says he is, I believe we're pretty safe. Do you know, Sir Christopher, I've been doubting for a long time whether Mr. Foote would face the electors."

"You doubted it?"

"I really did. You see, Sir Christopher, he consented to stand solely in order to please you—an excellent motive, I allow. But no man yet ever carried through a contested Election when he had not got his heart in the work. And ever since Lord Democrite began to be a serious candidate I have doubted whether we were wise in persuading Mr. Foote to stand; indeed, as I said just now, I even doubted whether he would try at all when he found that he was to be seriously opposed."

"You amaze me, Featherstone. And why have you never said a word about this before?"

"Because I knew how much your heart was set upon your son standing. But now that you have broached the subject and asked my opinion of your son's letter, it is time for me to speak out. I tell you, Sir Christopher, that if Mr. Foote stood, with Lord Democrite against him, I should greatly fear the result."

"But you've often said——"

"Yes, yes, it's true. I told you that the electors would vote for your son, because he is your son. But since then I have heard Lord Democrite, and what is more important I have observed the effect of his eloquence—for he *is* eloquent. And since then, Sir Christopher, I have been feeling the pulse of the constituency, and I know now that we want——"

Mr. Featherstone paused, for he feared to offend the old man.

"Go on, we want—what?"

"Well, to ensure the seat remaining Conservative we want, we need, nay, we *must* have *new blood*."

The Agent looked keenly at Sir Christopher to note the effect of his words, but beyond a passing expression of pain,

there was no sign that the bold words had reached the Baronet's ears. Neither did he speak for several moments. He sat motionless in his chair, gazing at the ceiling. Then, with an effort he turned his eyes towards Featherstone.

"And what about this Dare?" he asked, in a voice which would have made poor Ronald's ears tingle if he had heard it. "What do you know about him?"

"Nothing personally," replied the Agent, "but a great deal from several agents whom I have met, and all I hear is good, —very good. Your son's letter fully bears out and indeed amplifies what I have heard, and I should be disposed, Sir Christopher, to try him."

From which it may be seen that Mr. Featherstone had influence with Sir Christopher, and that he knew it. There was probably not another man in England who would have ventured to speak so openly in opposition to the Baronet's known wishes, but Mr. Featherstone knew how far he could go, and in this case he was able to make use of Reginald's letter as the text of his little sermon.

And thus it happened that when Ronald was enjoying with his friend the unparalleled delight of his first visit to Venice, Reginald received a letter in which Sir Christopher accepted the young barrister as his special candidate for the Parliamentary representation of Fairdale Episcopi.

The evening on which that letter reached them was never forgotten by Ronald. For a whole hour he lay back in his gondola, breathing the golden air and basking in the almost unearthly splendour of canal and palazzo, and gazing at the golden haze of the sky which was mirrored in the one, and formed a background of glory for the other. His nerves and senses were lulled into a most delicious repose. He gave no thought to the struggle to which he was now committed; he could scarcely have described a state of mind so new as was that vague sense of possession, of something accomplished; that dawn of a new era which had thrown its rosy light upon the heights to which he had been suddenly wafted, and to which, from the darkness of the valley, he had hitherto gazed as at some unattainable bliss.

CHAPTER IV.

THE IRISH BILL.

IT was August once more. The winter and spring after his return from abroad had been spent by Ronald in the work which usually falls to the lot of a barrister who is struggling into notice, and Christmas was passed at the house of Sir Christopher Foote, Fairdale Hall, so that the electors might get to know the face and hear the voice of the future M.P. He had addressed three large meetings in the constituency, and his praise was in all men's mouths.

The great and burning subject before the country was a change in the government of Ireland. The Conservative Prime Minister, who had been in office for close upon five years, had exhausted the domestic programme which he had drawn up at the last General Election, when his party had been swept into power by a strong anti-Liberal wave; he had finished off two or three wars which were popular enough at the beginning, but of which the *sequelæ* were now causing a certain amount of grumbling among taxpayers; the war-songs were hackneyed—even piano-organs were becoming ashamed of them, and the Prime Minister felt that his tenure of office depended upon some new sensation.

A Cabinet Council held shortly before the prorogation of Parliament had had the ostensible object of preparing the Royal Speech and of taking stock of the past session. But just before the meeting the death of the Viceroy of Ireland had been announced, and when the subject of his successor was mooted in the Cabinet, Mr. Sowerby, the Prime Minister, calmly tossed a bomb amongst his colleagues by suggesting that there should be no successor at all!

"The advantages of this course are obvious," continued the Minister, in the tone of conviction and authority to which his colleagues were well accustomed. "Within the precincts of this room, I may mention that the fact that the abolition of Dublin Castle will please the Nationalist Party, is one of my foremost reasons for proposing it. The separate and exceptional government of Ireland by a Viceroy sent over from England has long been regarded as an insult to our fellow-subjects beyond St. George's Channel. 'Why,' they ask, 'are we to be placed under some nobleman whose knowledge of our race and of our

needs is infinitesimal, when the neighbouring kingdom of Scotland is governed, as is Hampshire or Sussex, by the central authority in London? If we are a colony, give us Home Rule. If we are part of the United Kingdom, why treat us exceptionally and send us a Viceroy who keeps up the traditions which have made Dublin Castle a byword and a reproach? Another strong reason in favour of my policy," continued the Prime Minister, "is that it not only furnishes us with a cry, but at the same time takes the wind from the sails of our opponents. For, mark you, they will either have to accept from us a piece of legislation which is ultra-Liberal—which would be hateful and humiliating; or else they would have to oppose it, and by so doing eat their own words and reverse their own policy."

For some minutes after the Premier's speech his colleagues looked at each other in silence. Then one or two of the older Ministers ventured upon a few words, but not one of them went so far as to challenge his leader's views, and when the Cabinet broke up, they were committed to the principle of his proposal.

All this had occurred about a fortnight before Sir Richard Forester had so scornfully rejected Ronald's suit, and through the autumn and winter the speeches of politicians on both sides were mainly directed to support or oppose the new policy. In the following March the Government introduced their Bill "to abolish Dublin Castle," as it was colloquially described. The measure was opposed with white hot and passionate eagerness by the enraged Liberals. Their attitude was precisely what Mr. Sowerby had predicted when he addressed the Cabinet. Their opposition was envenomed by the sense of shame that such an obviously Liberal measure should be proposed by a Conservative Administration; while their anger was increased as they found themselves forging arguments against a policy which ought to have been theirs. Night after night Mr. Sowerby would taunt their leaders with their newly-discovered Toryism, and the Nationalists would hurl the bitterest jibes at their quondam friends, asking them to explain this sudden love of theirs for Dublin Castle, of which they had so often declared themselves the sworn and relentless foes.

Easter and Whitsuntide went by and still the progress of the Bill was slow. Every form of obstruction was resorted to, and when at last the committee stage was reached, the amendments to each line of every clause filled up many pages. Unless the House was to sit on through August and September

the chances of the Bill passing were infinitesimal ; while even in the House of Lords a somewhat formidable opposition was threatened.

In these circumstances the Prime Minister determined on an autumn session, to be held between October and Christmas, and in August Sir Christopher Foote arranged with Mr. Martingay that the latter should vacate the seat and allow Ronald Dare to stand for Fairdale Episcopi.

The young barrister accordingly issued his address, and a week later started North to prosecute his campaign. During the year which had elapsed since he returned from the Continent, he had heard no tidings of Gertrude ; but her face was scarcely ever absent from his mind. The thought of her buoyed him up in the midst of the drudgery of his legal work, and constituted the chief part of the pleasure he felt in the approaching Parliamentary contest, and when the Northern Express was carrying him to the scene of that contest the recollection that Gertrude was to be the prize of victory quickened the beating of his heart and filled him with a strange energy and exaltation of soul which made the hardest toil appear light and trivial. He was in that golden time of life in which obstacles are welcomed for the joy they afford in their conquest ; a contested Election with the political passions of both sides at fever heat was precisely the battle in which Ronald longed to display the fighting powers which had hitherto been cramped and cabined within the walls of some obscure debating-hall.

Meanwhile the months had been eventful and momentous for Gertrude Forester. The train which bore her into Italy had introduced her to new views and new ideals. Her mind, nay, every fibre of her soul had expanded. Whole realms of consciousness had wakened into life under the sway of the Eternal City, and though she never forgot Ronald, yet it is not too much to say that her sojourn in Rome was making her more and more unlike the girl whom Ronald had known.

Whether or not this change was to conduce to the ultimate happiness of the young lovers, the subsequent pages will show.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

“Facit indignatio versus.”

WE have spoken elsewhere of the charges brought against the French Clergy by certain writers and speakers who would poison the minds of Englishmen against the exiles driven by French intolerance to seek an asylum amongst us. The scant success which attends the efforts of such traducers seems but to work them up to a finer frenzy and more fervid eloquence, and as the more passionate forms of human emotion find expression in poetry, it is not surprising that their denunciations of clerical iniquity and British apathy should show symptoms of blossoming into verse. Thus, under the title of *Our Nation's Danger*, a warning note is struck in the *Rock* of June 17th, by a bard who signs himself “H. C. W.,” a few of whose stanzas we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting.

They are coming in swarms to our Island,
For shelter, seclusion, and ease;
But are we thus wise in shutting our eyes
To perils so patent as these?

They are settling down in country and town,
And are buying our freehold sites,
They have come to stay, in their wily way,
And we know they'll cling to their rights.

These abbots and nuns from the land of France,
Driven out by political rule,
Bring with them their creed to sow their own seed
In a new and more fertile school.

There are dark days ahead for our country,
And trouble must come in the end,
Then, while there is time, draw closer the line,
Our Protestant Faith to defend.

This is doubtless all very awful. It is of course very wrong for such people, not only to bring their own creed with them, but to buy freehold sites, and hold to their rights. After

all however, this is not exactly the kind of iniquity to which we are assured they are inveterately addicted in their native land. There are certain criminals whom no consideration can restrain from sinning, not even personal and repeated experience of the penalties which their offences entail,—a truth of which none should be more painfully aware than the zealots of the extreme No-Popery party. Were the exiled “abbots and nuns” such as we are asked to believe, our police-courts should by this time be full of them, and, especially in view of the “swarms” settling here, there should be other charges to bring than that they provide themselves with abodes, and claim the protection of our laws. If the scribes of the Protestant Press Agency and others of that kidney could compile a record of delinquencies committed in our midst, it would be indeed “appalling,” and they would do something far more to the purpose than by raking in every foreign gutter for mud to throw.

The New History.

Mr. John Pollock, whose history of the Popish Plot we reviewed a twelvemonth ago, is apparently minded to adopt as his special field that particular portion of Catholic history in England which lies around the occurrences with which his first work dealt. He has recently reviewed¹ Mr. Walter Walsh's *Jesuits in Great Britain*, and in so doing has given us another taste of his quality, which it must be confessed is far from reassuring, if there be any likelihood of his acceptance as a leading authority upon the subject which he claims to have made his own.

It is not that he has the slightest intention to be unfair. On the contrary, he will doubtless learn with genuine surprise that any one fails to regard his treatment of the Jesuits as not only just but generous. For Mr. Walter Walsh's ideas of history, with whom he classes Father Taunton, he has scant sympathy, and he pronounces their books “both insufficient and biassed.” He endorses the pregnant dictum of “a wise man and great master of history” who pronounced that “there are Jesuits and Jesuits,” and that even amongst them you must “first catch your man,” before you can decide on his demerits. He even goes so far as to signify his opinion not only that Campion was

¹ In the *Independent Review*, January, 1904.

guiltless of treason, but that the evidence has to be strained in order to convict Garnet.

But, despite such evidence of liberality, Mr. Pollock does not appear to have made much progress towards a true conception of historical work. Precisely as in the *Popish Plot* he assumes at the start that he knows all that is essential about the men whose conduct he proposes to examine, and that he requires no further evidence as to its general character. "It is true," he observes, "that, by its constitution and nature, the Jesuit Order is opposed to all liberal progress, to the development of the individual judgment, to the emancipation of reason from the bondage of theology, to the free exercise of the nobler faculties." And this cardinal assumption, rather than any particular facts of which he is cognizant, may be supposed to be the basis of such rhetoric as this :

The problem of the history of the Jesuits differs so much from the problems offered by other history. While in the last sixty years, State by State, library by library, corporation by corporation, the Vatican itself, have opened their stores to the world, the Jesuits keep the treasures of their archives sealed. While able men of various nations and religions have vied one with another in shedding light on the history of their belongings, the Jesuits seldom take the field, except to see that the memory of their forerunners receives no harm. While, in every other department, the student is met on all hands by the assistance of those whom it most deeply concerns, here, should he not possess certain known qualifications, he is likely to find nothing but opposition. "Catch your man," implies a search in the dark for something, the whereabouts or nature of which is unknown. Information is withheld; evidence must be dragged from unwilling witnesses; qualities that are studiously concealed must be scrutinized. The land traversed is unmarked by many paths; and the goal can only be reached by careful and inquiring feet.

It would be extremely interesting to know what all this means, and what experience Mr. Pollock has had of the difficulties he describes. He does not, in the first place, appear to have been at any excessive pains to obtain information which entailed no dragging out, but was to be had for the asking. An historian of any pretensions should not fall, for example, into the vulgar error of attributing to the Jesuit General, Father Ricci, the famous words, *sint ut sunt aut non sint*, which were undoubtedly spoken by Pope Clement XIII.

It is moreover clear that the opinion we have heard from

Mr. Pollock is quite at variance with that of others who may claim at least equal authority. It is not so very long, for instance, since Mr. Andrew Lang wrote:¹

If ever one has met with absolute sportsmanlike fairness in the discussion of historical points which excite partisanship, it is amongst members of the Society of Jesus. No doubt this does not apply equally to all the members of this or any community of any sort. But, speaking as a Protestant, one may declare that whatever the principles and training of the Society may be, they do not warp in individuals that not too common intellectual virtue, absolute fairness of judgment in historical questions.

We have likewise the judgment, nigh thirty years old, of so dispassionate a censor as the *Athenæum*, in its critique of Foley's *Records of the English Province*, that the Jesuits seemed inclined to tell the world not too little but too much.

Of late [we read²] the Society seems to have resolved to court inquiry; and if only the present pace can be kept up the Manresa Press will soon be reckoned as one of the "institutions of the country." . . . They seem to have persuaded themselves that every trumpety incident and every lying rumour about every obscure English Jesuit who ever laboured or suffered within the four seas, ought to be treasured up and preserved to posterity.

And again:³

The Jesuits seem determined to have no secrets from English inquirers. They appear only anxious to let us know all they themselves know about their past doings.

The work, which elicited these observations is not ignored by Mr. Pollock, who, however, does not think much of it, and dismisses it as partial, disputable, lacking in judgment, "an immense and ill-arranged work that partakes of the nature of a martyrology."

Undoubtedly Foley is far too uncritical and too much given to laudation, and his Collections can never be—as they were never intended to be—more than a quarry where others may dig for materials that would otherwise be beyond reach. But when his defects are most fully admitted, such cavalier treatment of him does not come with a very good grace from an historian who, at least in one flagrant instance, copied

¹ *Pilot*, October 12, 1901.

² February 18, 1878, p. 212.

³ October 2, 1880, p. 430.

a document without acknowledgment from Foley, and quoted it as from an original, which obviously he had never seen, and of which, except through Foley, he did not know.

Or, if we look beyond our insular limits, Mr. Pollock is presumably acquainted with the *Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu*, now in the eleventh year of publication, and giving to the world with commendable regularity a substantial monthly instalment amounting in the year to some two thousand octavo pages, in which are contained original documents of every description bearing upon the internal history of the Society. Has an examination of this work assured Mr. Pollock that "the Jesuits keep the treasures of their archives sealed," and all the rest that we have heard? If so, his judgment upon the matter is singularly at variance with that of other authorities, as of a German critic who reviewing one particular correspondence thus published, declares that it affords material of the utmost value for the history both of the time in general with which it is concerned, and of the Order in particular, shedding new light upon the difficulties of the latter in its relations with the *Curia*, on the moral and social condition of the clergy, on contemporary theological literature, and other points.¹ And if Mr. Pollock be unacquainted with this notable work, there is little need to say more as to his notion of writing history.

J. G.

The Influence of the Confessional.

A letter of inquiry lately received draws attention to a recent correspondence in an Essex paper in which one side has been denouncing the Confessional as a known source of demoralization, and appealing in proof of the same to what it alleges to be the enormous proportion of illegitimate births in Catholic as compared with Protestant countries. It is the sort of charge which is incessantly being made, and has been several times examined and refuted, for instance, by the Catholic Truth Society in its leaflet entitled *The Confessional*, in Sir Henry Bellingham's *Social Aspects of Catholicism and Protestantism*, and more recently in Father Alfred Young's *Catholic and*

¹ Dr. Walter Köhler, *Theologischer Jahresbericht*, Berlin, 1902.

Protestant Countries compared, a book which, though somewhat uncritical, has gathered together a number of valuable facts and opinions. Still it is worth while to repeat occasionally the exposure of a fraud which is itself so incessantly repeated, and whilst in the body of the present number we have analyzed some statistical fabrications purporting to show up the immorality of the French clergy, we may here submit to a little analysis the statistics which are supposed to testify so eloquently against the Confessional.

The statistics as given by the paper in question are as follows :

Illegitimate Births per thousand in 1896.

Austria (R.C.)	145
Portugal (R.C.)	123
Sweden (P.)	107
Denmark (P.)	101
Germany (about two-thirds P.)	91
France (R.C.)	88
Belgium (R.C.)	87
Scotland (P.)	72
Italy (R.C.)	64
England (P.)	42
Holland (mainly P.)	29
Ireland (R.C. and P.)	26

We have not before us the statistics of 1896, but as those given are in substantial agreement with the statistics of 1892, as given by the *Statesman's Year Book*, we may take them as correct. But what is their significance? The question is as to the influence of the Confessional, and it is implied that the entire population of the countries marked "R.C.," may be assumed to make regular use of the institution. Yet it is only necessary to lay bare this implication in order to recognize how absurdly it is unfounded. A very large section of the inhabitants of those countries are not Catholics but infidels, and are even more bitterly opposed to the Confessional than the average English Protestant. And besides these ultras there is another large section who may call themselves Catholics, but who, whether from motives of semi-scepticism, indifferentism, or attachment to habits which are forbidden by the law of God or the law of the Church, are not practising Catholics, and never attend the Confessional from year's end to year's end. The Confessional is not to be held responsible for their mis-

behaviour, and yet it is presumable that out of the 145 illegitimate births for Austria, the 123 for Portugal, the 88 for France, and so on, by far the larger part are contributed by these people and not by practising Catholics—presumable for the simple reason that, whilst the latter are known to have a horror of all impurity, and to show a solicitude to preserve themselves from it, the former make comparatively light of it, treating it as a venial offence, some of them even advocating a doctrine of free love, and vast numbers of them feeding habitually on newspapers and novels written with the express object of exciting the passions.

This consideration applies to the statistics of a country labelled as purely Catholic, and a similar consideration applies, no doubt, to countries labelled as purely Protestant—for there, too, we ought to distinguish between the infidels and the neglectfuls on the one hand and those earnest persons on the other who strive to rule their lives by the example of Jesus Christ. Still, as the accusation made contrasts Catholic with Protestant statistics, one desiderates some which will exhibit the difference between the two religious denominations more precisely and directly than those which loosely compare country with country. They are not always easy to obtain, but the following, which Father Alfred Young takes from the *Moral-statistik* (Erlangen, 1868) of the German sociologist, Von Oettingen, are much to the point.

Percentage of illegitimate births in the Kingdom of Prussia.

DISTRICTS.	1862		1863		1864		TOTAL.	
	Cath.	Prot.	Cath.	Prot.	Cath.	Prot.	Cath.	Prot.
Rhine Provs.	3.53	3.62	3.61	3.58	3.67	3.58	3.60	3.59
Westphalia	3.15	4.11	3.33	4.42	3.35	4.18	3.28	4.25
Posen	6.40	7.01	6.70	7.62	6.83	7.06	6.67	7.32
Prussia	6.85	9.31	7.29	9.73	7.45	9.67	7.20	9.57
Saxony	6.11	9.67	6.57	10.31	6.64	10.34	6.24	10.11
Pomerania	9.77	9.68	9.48	10.35	9.77	10.36	9.67	10.13
Brandenburg	7.71	11.49	8.36	12.15	8.41	11.51	8.16	11.72
Schleswig	9.16	13.04	10.13	14.12	10.07	13.57	9.76	13.58
The whole Kingdom	5.96	9.58	6.40	10.18	6.39	10.01	6.25	9.93

What is noticeable here is that, whereas for these three years the percentage for the whole kingdom was 8.09, the Catholic contribution to this whole was considerably less than the

Protestant, whence it is conjecturable that a similar result would show itself in the percentage of 9.1 found in the statistics for Germany in 1896; also that the percentages for the predominantly Catholic provinces of Rhineland and Westphalia are remarkably good, whilst those for the predominantly Protestant districts of Saxony, Pomerania, Brandenburg, and Schleswig are remarkably bad; and again that the Protestants apparently improve by living in a predominantly Catholic district, whilst the Catholics apparently deteriorate by living in a predominantly Protestant district.

It would thus seem that, if we are to accept the comparative percentages of illegitimate births as a test of the influence of the Confessional on a population which uses it, the verdict yielded is wholly in its favour; and that this really is the case may be still more strikingly shown from the comparative statistics of the United Kingdom. These, as the *Statesman's Year Book* shows, remain constant from year to year. We may take them therefore, through the above-mentioned Catholic Truth Society's leaflet, from Dr. Lethingwell's book entitled *Illegitimacy*:

Dr. Lethingwell [says that leaflet], after having given the tables for eleven years (1879—1888) says: "Year after year, of each 1,000 births in Scotland there are almost twice as many illegitimate as in England and Wales and more than three times as many as in Ireland." And this average is borne out by the statistics given for England in 1891, and Scotland and Ireland in 1892 (*Statesman's Year Book*, 1894)—namely, 73 per thousand in Scotland, 42 per thousand in England, and only 25 per thousand in Ireland. The detailed statistics also show that the comparatively small number of 25 per thousand is disproportionately contributed by the Protestant districts of that country. Thus, again from Dr. Lethingwell's statistics of eleven years, we have from five counties in Ulster, which is more than half Protestant, Antrim 52 per thousand, Down 51, Londonderry 46, Tyrone 41, and Donegal 16 (Donegal being mostly Catholic): from three counties in Munster, which is mostly Catholic, Limerick 27 per thousand, Clare 15, Kerry 15; from three counties in Connaught where the infusion of Protestants is least, Galway 10 per thousand, Sligo 9, and Mayo 5. Of the remaining Irish counties Dr. Lethingwell does not seem to have statistics, but there is no reason to suppose that if we had them they would tell a different tale, a tale which we can appreciate the more when we notice that in the same tables the highest and lowest figures for Scotch counties were Banff 164 per thousand, Ross and Cromartie 47, and for English counties, Shropshire 82 and Essex 34.

Inasmuch as the Irish Catholics, particularly when living under the exclusively Catholic influences of their own country, are noted for the regularity with which they go to confession, this last batch of statistics is very relevant indeed to the point we are considering. Nor are there wanting witnesses from the midst of Protestantism to trace the effect directly to this cause. Dr. Lethingwell, indeed, finds the whole matter a mystery. "Can it," he asks in the book mentioned, "be the effect of religious training? But Scotland rejoices in the open Bible and the right of private judgment; while Ireland submits her conscience to the control of her priesthood and the guidance of an infallible Church." Dr. John Forbes, however, at the time one of her Majesty's physicians, in his *Memorandums made in Ireland in the Autumn of 1852*, says,

A charge often preferred against the confessional in Ireland and elsewhere is the facility it affords for corrupting the female mind, and of its actually leading to such corruption. . . . But so far from such corruption resulting from the confessional, it is the general belief in Ireland, a belief expressed to me by many trustworthy men in all parts of the country, both by Protestants as well as Catholics, that the singular purity of female life among the lower classes there is in a considerable degree dependent on this very circumstance.

To which testimony it would not be difficult to add others to the like effect, such as those of James Anthony Froude and Thackeray. But they are not really necessary, for Catholics know from intimate experience in their own lives and the lives of those around them how sustaining and elevating is the action of the Confessional, and now-a-days there are few Protestants without Catholic friends in whose word they can trust and will do well to trust rather better than in the wild and uncharitable inferences of the sort of people who make these charges.

But is there not danger, it may still be asked, in an institution which brings together in such peculiarly confidential relations the priest and his young penitent? Is it pretended that the priest when he goes into the Confessional is confirmed in grace, and is incapable of abusing his opportunities for evil? No, certainly not. All have the baneful power to sin, and the holiest institutions may be abused. No, certainly not; witness the filthy Achilli, who some fifty years ago was suspended at Rome, precisely because he was discovered in misconduct of

this sort, and who at once set out for England to enter upon the career of an anti-Catholic lecturer, being received with open arms by the English bigots of those days. Still, the verdict of statistics such as those to which appeal has been made, shows that the number of these delinquents is comparatively very small, and *usum non tollit abusus*. It is not held to do so in the profession of the physician or the artist. Still less then must it be allowed to do so in the case of an institution which in such countless ways through so many centuries has evidenced the Divine source from which it sprang.

Reviews.

I.—JESUS, THE MESSIAS AND SON OF GOD.¹

M. LOISY has warned us that in his *L'Evangile et l'Eglise* he set himself to study our Lord's personality and work historically, as it appeared to his contemporaries, and not theologically as it has been discerned by the faith of the Church; and he has claimed in consequence that, if his conclusions are found defective, this must be shown by proof drawn from the same order, that is to say, by a critical examination of the Gospels, and not by arguments drawn from the traditions of the Church, or the speculations of her theologians. Such a claim is not altogether legitimate, for if Catholic tradition rests on a sound basis of authority, it is a valid criterion by which to judge of the sense of the Gospels; or, to express the same idea under another aspect, if a critical theory in regard to the Christ of the Gospels is found on comparison to be inconsistent with the faith of the Church on the same subject, one or other of the two must be erroneous and ought to be abandoned, and it becomes a duty to decide which. Still, M. Loisy is perfectly justified in claiming that his theory should also be tested on purely historical and critical grounds, and this is the task to which the Abbé Lepin addresses himself in his *Jésus, Messie et Fils de Dieu, d'après les Evangiles Synoptiques*. Not that this little treatise is directly and exclusively concerned with M. Loisy; for it is rather an independent effort of historical inquiry into the teaching of the Synoptic Gospels—in which M. Loisy's theories are considered in their turn, along with the more far-reaching theories of Harnack, Stapfer, and Rénan.

In a short introductory chapter M. Lepin explains, so far as is required for the purpose of his inquiry, the present state of opinion among the critics as to the dates and trustworthiness of the Synoptic Gospels. The dates, far down in the second century,

¹ *Jésus, Messie et Fils de Dieu, d'après les Evangiles Synoptiques*. Par M. Lepin, Prêtre de Saint Sulpice. Paris: Letouzey et Ané.

which were ascribed to them by the German critics of fifty years ago, are now rejected by all, and there has succeeded an almost general acknowledgment that they were all composed during the second half of the first century, Harnack even assigning 65—70 for St. Mark, 70—85 for St. Matthew, and 78—93 for St. Luke. Of course even these dates are later than the dates indicated by such external evidence as can be gathered from the early ecclesiastical writers; nor is it likely that these still earlier dates would continue to be disputed, were the question left to be decided by critical tests only. For instance, the fact that the Acts of the Apostles stop with the end of St. Paul's two years' captivity in Rome during his first visit to that city, is most easily and naturally explained by supposing that this book was written about that time, that is, about A.D. 62 or 63; whilst the Preface to the same proves that St. Luke's Gospel was written previously, and all agree that St. Luke's Gospel was the latest of the Synoptics. But in fact higher criticism, when in the hands of the rationalist, is biassed by the exigencies of a philosophical opinion, the opinion that nothing miraculous or divergent from the ordinary course of nature ever occurs. Hence such dates as Harnack's and Stapfer's are really selected as being the latest which can be assigned without a patent violation of critical principles, and the earliest which permit of a colourably successful attempt to explain away whatever testimonies to the miraculous are found in the Synoptic texts. It is difficult for an orthodox critic to know how to deal with theories thus grounded, but the best way is on the one hand to disallow the philosophical theory, and apply to the sacred text just those principles of sound criticism and exegesis which are wont to be applied to other ancient writings and, in the abstract, are acknowledged to be applicable here; and, on the other hand, to show, if it is possible, that even those parts of the text which the rationalist allows to contain trustworthy evidence of our Lord's words and actions, exhibit Him as possessing the very character which Catholic faith ascribes to Him. And this is the course which the Abbé Lepin has chosen to follow.

An initial chapter inquires into the nature of the Messianic Hope at the time of our Lord's coming. It was a hope resting ultimately on the Messianic predictions of the Old Testament, but these must be viewed not merely from the standpoint of their meaning to the prophets themselves, but also from the standpoint of the sense attached to them by the contemporaries

of our Lord, since it was by the latter, with its intermixture of false and true elements, that the psychological conditions were determined with which our Lord had to deal in seeking credence of the right kind for His own mysterious message. Accordingly the Book of Enoch, the Psalter of Solomon, and similar documents of sub-contemporary Jewish literature, together with the numerous indications of Jewish opinion in the Gospels themselves, have to be examined, as is done by M. Lepin in this chapter.

Next follows a chapter on the Gospel of the Infancy. This portion of SS. Matthew and Luke is peculiarly dissatisfying to critics who start from a preconception against the supernatural, and they are wont to rule it out of court, as convicted by its absence from St. Mark of later origin than the Gospel of the Public Life, and the more likely therefore to be the creation of early Christian imagination, working on the few simple facts which unwritten reminiscences had handed down. What M. Lepin does here,—and it is all that he could do,—is to point out how naturally the narrative flows, and in how Jewish a mould the thought is cast, in St. Luke as well as in St. Matthew—a mould which is as much in keeping with the conditions prevailing at the time of the Infancy as it is out of keeping with those in which the author of the third Gospel must have lived when he wrote; and, again, how distinctly this writer assures us that he had “inquired carefully” into the entire life of Christ from the beginning onward, and how possible it must have been for him to obtain the authentic information he sought; how, in short, if we disallow the intrusion of that one unhistorical criterion, all points to the truth of what is narrated. Yet if this is granted, historical testimony at once results to our Lord’s divine appointment to the office of Messiah, and even to His true Divinity.

It is, however, to the history of our Lord’s Public Life that we must go alike for the chief difficulties and the chief evidences touching His title to these two attributes. It is no longer felt possible to deny that our Lord did in some sense claim to be the Messiah, but out of this acknowledgment arises, for those who rule out the supernatural, the difficulty of explaining how He came to believe Himself to be the Messiah. Thus Stapfer, to pass over the cruder theory of Rénan, opines that He derived this persuasion from His consciousness of the very special union between Himself and God, who was known to Him both as

Father and as His Father. This sense of union led Him on to put the question, "Why am I in the world? What is to be My mission?" and along with it that other question, "Who is to be the Messiah? When will He appear? What work will He accomplish?" After eighteen years' reflection on these questions, His soul became dominated by the conviction that a union with God which was in Him so much more intimate and intense than in others, must mean that He was Himself the long-expected Messiah; and then with His Baptism there came to confirm this conviction and render it for ever ineradicable, the interior persuasion that He heard His Father's voice from Heaven calling Him His beloved Son. Still, if convinced from that hour of His Messianic character, He had still to pass through successive crises before He came to realize that His work as Messiah was that of a spiritual reformer, not an earthly conqueror, and that He was to pass to His glory through a fierce ordeal of suffering and death. M. Harnack's theory on this point is a little more guarded than M. Stapfer's, and yet is substantially identical with it. M. Loisy, too, though his language here is aggravating in its obscurity, seems to hold that our Lord's Messianic consciousness was acquired, not innate, "His soul being elevated by prayer, confidence, and love, to the highest degree of union with God, in such sort that His idea of a Messianic vocation came to Him as the natural crown of these interior workings." M. Loisy, however, further insists that our Lord never conceived of Himself—at all events before His Resurrection—as already the Messiah; but rather as destined to become so hereafter when He should have entered into His glory, His earthly task being simply, like St. John the Baptist's, to preach penance to the people as the means whereby they were to prepare themselves for the Messiah when He came in judgment. As regards our Lord's Divinity, while even Rénan, Stapfer, and Harnack are fain to acknowledge that, in the words of Harnack, "the divine was manifested in (Jesus) as purely as is possible on earth," M. Loisy, being a Catholic, expresses his firm belief that Christ is God "to faith," but contends that no testimony to His Divinity is to be found in the Synoptic Gospels, which on the contrary teach by implication that while on earth He was not even Himself conscious of being such. "Jesus," he says, "calls Himself the only Son of God in the same measure as He calls Himself the Messiah. The historian must therefore conclude, hypothetically,

that He believed Himself to be the Son of God from the time He believed Himself to be the Messiah."

In his examination of these theories M. Lepin allows that the Synoptics represent our Lord as at times anxious to be recognized as the Messiah but at other times anxious to suppress all attempts to recognize Him as such; and that this surface appearance of inconsistency may tend to suggest that He was not Himself at all times certain of His Messianic character, but had to pass through successive crises before He could feel confident of it. It is true, too, that He is nowhere—not even in St. John's Gospel—represented as having proclaimed His Divinity in express and categorical terms, such as might satisfy the proof-text hunter. But when we look below the surface we may see how all this apparent inconsistency and reticence is but the outcome of a discerning plan, adopted from the very beginning of His Public Life and pursued with perfect consistency throughout. We must not forget the character of the disciples and multitudes whom He desired to train into a true understanding of the nature of His personality. They had quite a false idea of what the Messiah was to be, and until this false idea was reformed it would have been grossly misleading to proclaim clearly what He was. Hence, He proceeded gradually and progressively. During the first two years of His Public Ministry He shows great reserve in manifesting Himself, and it is during this period that, although in His compassion He works many miracles, He is quick in repressing the tendency to gather from them the truth about His Messianic mission. The confession of St. Peter marks a change of procedure, and from that time onward He began to unfold this truth in declarations of ever-increasing clearness to the disciples, and even, though with more reserve, to the multitudes. When the hour of His Passion was come, and the season granted to the people for the preparation of minds was over, He proclaims it with the utmost openness, from the very midst of His humiliations, to the High Priests, to the Roman Governor, and to the multitudes. And similarly of His Divinity. "If Jesus was what we believe Him to be," writes M. Lepin, "the Son of God made Man, He could not have revealed His personality to man otherwise than He did. . . . He insinuated and suggested this His higher being throughout His life: His works manifested Divine power; His discourses were full of allusions to the transcendence of His privileges and powers, and to the unique

character of His Divine Sonship. Though not expressed in any dogmatic formula, after the manner of a definition of faith, the literal Divinity of His person was not the less clearly intimated in all His declarations, it issued forth from Him as a certain theological conclusion, so that it became impossible for His disciples, especially after the Resurrection and Pentecost, to be in any doubt as to the real sense of His self-manifestation."

These are the general lines on which M. Lepin explains our Lord's method of setting forth His claims. They are not new in themselves, but what is special about the present work is the truly masterly style in which its author examines the various words and acts of our Lord as recorded in the Synoptic Gospels, and shows how they contribute each in its own way to this progressive self-revelation of His personality. To set aside a demonstration so comprehensive would involve rejecting these three Gospels in their entirety, whilst to exclude as intrusive a too clear utterance here or parable there is mere labour lost, even if it could be justified by solid reasons. It may be predicted therefore that M. Lepin's treatise will be warmly appreciated in proportion as it gets known, and this we say notwithstanding a certain literary defect in its composition, due partly to the diffuseness of its style, but mainly to several of its parts still retaining the form in which they were originally written as magazine articles.

2.—EARLY CHURCH ORGANIZATION.¹

Father Bruders' treatise on the Organization of the Primitive Church forms a new volume in Drs. Ehrhard and Kirsch's *Forschungen zur Christlichen Literatur und Dogmengeschichte*. It is a learned work, full of minute investigation on a subject on which, lying as it does at the root of all theories of Church government, many learned treatises have been written. Was there during the first few decades of the Church's existence a recognized order of ministers? By what special feature were these local clergy distinguished from the persons endowed with spiritual gifts and from the itinerant missionaries so common in those days? Can we discover in the arrangements of that early time a justification for the high prerogatives which ever

¹ *Die Verfassung der Kirche von den ersten Jahrzehnten der Apostolischen Wirksamkeit an bis zum Jahre 175 nach Christus.* Von Heinrich Bruders, S.J. Mainz: Verlag von Kirchheim and Co.

afterwards were recognized as possessed by the Church's rulers? It is in this form that Father Bruders states the object of his investigation, but English readers would understand him better were he to comprise his three questions in one—Is there in the records of those early times a firm basis on which to rest the doctrine of Apostolical Succession? Of course, besides the arguments derivable from written documents there is, especially for a Catholic, the argument derivable from the after-form which the Church's organization came to take in the due course of its development—the original form standing to this after-form as the seed to the growing plant. We need, however, to test the conclusions thus drawn by the evidence which the written documents can supply; and it is to this department of the subject that Father Bruders confines himself.

At the outset he points out the necessity of keeping well in mind the character of these documents. They are not very numerous, the leading men of those days being too absorbed in the active duties of their ministry to be able to do much writing. Hence they wrote only when some incidental need required it, and the result is that we must not expect to find in their scanty writings any explicit treatment or more than incidental allusions to points, such as that of the Christian ministry, which happen to interest ourselves. Another point to be borne in mind is that ecclesiastical terminology was only formed gradually. In the first instance, terms were merely used descriptively, that is, so far forth as they described the office or institution of which the writer wished to speak; and in this stage we must expect to meet with a certain inconstancy, now one term being preferred by the speaker, now another. Later the descriptive terms became more fixed in their use, and hardened into class-names. It follows that, if in the earliest documents we do not find, to take the instance of most importance, a consistent use of the three class-names, *ἐπίσκοπος*, *πρεσβύτερος*, and *διάκονος*, it must not at once be assumed that the three-fold distinction of sacred ministers was not as yet a recognized feature in the Church's organism.

Father Bruders, in his examination of documents, starts with the letter of St. Clement of Rome, the *Didache*, and the letters of St. Ignatius of Antioch. St. Clement's letter is specially valuable, not merely for its early date (A.D. 96 *circ.*), but because it is expressly concerned with a question of Church government. Some ministers at Corinth had been deposed from

their office by certain young men who had acquired influence among the people, and who sought to thrust themselves in the place of the ejected. The latter had made an appeal to the Roman Church, and Clement's letter was written to insist on their restitution, and the removal of the intruders. His argument is that, as God sent Christ into the world to teach and rule, so Christ sent His Apostles; and so in turn did the Apostles, wherever they had preached, systematically appoint the "first-fruits" (of their ministry) to be bishops and deacons over those who had believed, having first of all "tried them by the spirit." "To these first bishops and deacons they, moreover, gave injunctions to appoint, when they [the Apostles] were dead, other well-tried men" to continue their office after them. If then these ancient presbyters have been thus set over the Corinthians by a divine ordinance, it cannot fail to be a great sin in the latter to seek to depose them—when, too, they have been blameless in their ministry. In such words we see the echo of St. Paul's address to the Asiatic "Bishops" assembled at Smyrna: "[You] whom the Holy Ghost has made Bishops to feed the Church of God." We may confidently conclude then from St. Clement's language that the clergy were believed to have received their authority, not from their flocks, but from the Holy Ghost, and that it was not open to their flocks to deprive them of it. From St. Clement we may further learn that the term *ἐπίσκοπος* was as yet used only as a synonym for *πρεσβύτερος*, for he uses the two terms indifferently of the same persons. On the other hand, in St. Ignatius of Antioch, who wrote some twenty years later, *ἐπίσκοπος* has become the class-name for the clergy of the highest degree; indeed, it had by then been for some time employed in that way, for St. Ignatius evidently treats it as a class-name generally accepted in his time.

And as for the time antecedent to the introduction of this usage, there are two possibilities, to decide between which the evidence does not suffice, but for each of which a certain amount of evidence can be adduced. One is that in each Church of any standing there was from the first a single ruler set over the rest of the clergy. This is likely in itself, and, as it seems to Father Bruders, is somewhat suggested by the special relation to certain Churches in which certain persons, as Epaphras, Epaphroditus, Archippus, Stephanus, Diotrephes, and others are placed by

St. Paul. Such rulers being single in each Church were sufficiently discriminated by their personal names, and so it was to be expected that their office would be longer in acquiring a distinctive class-name. The other possibility is that originally the place of the highest order of clergy was taken by the itinerant coadjutors of the Apostles, such as SS. Timothy, Titus, and Apollos. What these latter were we see from the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, and their office is intelligible. In that early stage of their existence, the newly-founded Churches must have needed a deal of Apostolic supervision, and the natural way was for an Apostle to attach to his person the most zealous and prudent of his converts, and send them about from church to church, with what in later ages would have been called visitatorial powers. Thus the duty of ordaining for the Churches they successively visited would devolve upon them, and it is in them we must recognize the prototype of the episcopal order. For, as the Apostles died off, their visitatorial functions must necessarily have lapsed to a large extent, and they would naturally have settled down as localized rulers of the more ancient and important Churches—just as St. Timothy appears to have done at Ephesus.

Besides the itinerant ministers there were the recipients of spiritual gifts, of the kind which St. Paul describes in 1 Cor. xii.—xiv. These richly endowed Christians seem to have held an important place in the first planting of the Christian faith, but their utility was for a time only, on the expiration of which they ceased to be. What their utility was we may gather from the story of Pentecost; for these subsequent outpourings were but a continuation of the great initial outpouring of that great day. Of these "charismatics," and the difficulties sometimes caused to the localized clergy by their sudden arrival in a neighbourhood, Father Bruders has much to say, but we have written enough to convey an idea of the questions of which he has made so interesting and useful a study. We must not, however, omit to mention the elaborate tables in which he has co-ordinated all his facts, for they are admirably arranged and greatly facilitate the reader's task of following him in his necessarily subtle criticism.

3.—THE STUDY OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.¹

The very attractive series of *Handbooks for the Clergy*, published by Messrs. Longmans, under the editorial direction of the Rev. Arthur W. Robinson, is not unfavourably represented by this little volume on the Study of Ecclesiastical History. The author is the Rev. W. E. Collins, for many years Professor of Ecclesiastical History at King's College, London, and recently, if we mistake not, promoted to the Anglican bishopric of Gibraltar. The book in itself seems to us to have been as well done as the scope of such a volume permitted, but we may candidly avow a strong prejudice against dissertations upon the science of history. We have no doubt that any moderately capable person with a certain amount of ingenuity would be able to formulate a science of almost anything, including a science of common sense in general, but we should not believe much in the practical utility of such an expenditure of energy. Of the thousands who study logic, how many, we wonder, are thereby made more logical? Though an historical student read this little volume through carefully from cover to cover, he would not be likely on that account to pass a sounder judgment upon the next historical work which came in his way; much less would he be likely to write more impartially or with clearer intuition, if he came to treat of such subjects himself. Despite all Bishop Collins' excellent theories, we are inclined to regard certain essays of his published among the tracts of the Church Historical Society as almost typical examples of the bias engendered by the necessities of the Anglican theological position, in other words, by the figment of Continuity. Still, in the bibliographical details of this little volume, in the suggestions on the choice of books and in many other incidental matters, we gladly recognize that the work would be really helpful to the student. The author is a scholar of wide reading, of a rationally Catholic mind, and he has evidently had considerable experience in handling the apparatus of historical research.

¹ *The Study of Ecclesiastical History.* By W. E. Collins, B.D., in the series of *Handbooks for the Clergy.* London: Longmans, 1903.

4.—THE SCIENCE OF LIFE.¹

Whatever may be said of the scientific character of Mrs. Craigie's argument, there cannot be two opinions about its real interest.

For our own part we are convinced that the critical examination of observed facts is no less necessary to the progress of ethical science than is the use of abstract, syllogistic reasoning in physical. We are therefore quite prepared to regard Mrs. Craigie's address to the Ruskin Society of Birmingham as a positive contribution to the *Science of Life*.

It is impossible, surely, for any man to live an orderly life (and what development of life can there be apart from orderly living?) without a theory of some sort as to the real purpose and right direction of the process. And equally impossible is it for a community to contribute to its own progress in civilization, by legislation or other public action, except so far as it is possessed of some common ideal of what social life ought to be—some knowledge of its nature and of the permanent conditions of its healthy expansion—which shall serve as a standard whereby advance may be distinguished from retrogression and growth from decay which, unless arrested, would bring on atrophy and death. Thus theories of life, both right and wrong, are to be seen actually at work, producing their natural fruits of order and disorder. They are plainly distinguishable one from another. They definitely reveal themselves in writing and speech. In this respect ethical speculation has the advantage of physical, wherein the *cause* of a process is itself the unknown object of investigation. The advantage is to some extent counterbalanced by the less rigid necessity which distinguishes moral from physical law. Still, order is order in the one department as in the other; and it may be recognized as such in human life, individual or social, no less than in the more material processes of the physical world. The truth would seem to be that there is but one scientific method for all departments of human knowledge, viz., a combination of abstract reasoning and critical observation of facts in the concrete; though more or less importance may attach to the one element or the other according to the nature of the subject-matter; more to abstract reasoning in philosophy, more to observation—

¹ *The Science of Life*. By Mrs. Craigie. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd., 1904. 60 pp. 2s.

experiments only provide the opportunity for observation—in science as it is now understood.

But, be this as it may, Mrs. Craigie has succeeded, if only by means of an object-lesson and empirically, in conveying interesting and valuable truths concerning the science of life. The contrast she has exhibited between Count Tolstoi and St. Ignatius of Loyola, lit up, as it is, by the half playful yet wholly serious commentary of a reflective, well-informed and sensible mind, cannot fail to impress her readers. Their respective theories of life are those which in the present day are struggling for predominance. The one regards man as essentially the "servant" of the Divine Goodness, bound to work for Him and under Him for the ultimate benefit of the race. The other ignores God, and bids us do the best we can for ourselves with such means as the present conditions of the world supply. The two men start life on almost the same social level, and run for a time on almost parallel lines, as long as the romance of youth is upon them. But how different the sequel!

Tolstoi is a disillusioned man. There is disillusion in every line of his masterly novels, and it is disillusion which even the saddest of us cannot always accept. If Tolstoi expected more from life than it has to give, and he was disappointed, we may understand him, and we may say that we ourselves also had many false ideas about human existence; but where we may blame ourselves or our education, Tolstoi quarrels with the whole scheme of the universe, and can find nothing more satisfactory for man to do than to dig, to write pamphlets, and to read them.

It is unnecessary to follow Mrs. Craigie's description of the darkest parts of Tolstoi's gloomy view of life, which, nevertheless, must be acknowledged to be the *real* view, if Tolstoi's theory is right. In the case of St. Ignatius we see the working of the alternative theory. He rose from his sick-bed, the death-bed of his romance, filled with the inspiration of the realities he had seen, and of the promise they held out to him of noble work to do, work that would tax his powers to the utmost, and so, even in this world, prove its own reward through the self-discipline it would entail.

Count Tolstoi "thinks that a man cannot enjoy himself, because enjoyment is a delusion, if not a crime; nor save himself if not already lost, . . . a blunder wandering through a maze . . . of over-populated, hideous cities, each more poisonous than

the other. He condemns all work except spade work and head work. Friendship he distrusts, and marriage revolts him. His ideal is the extinction of the race."

St. Ignatius teaches that man has a magnificent destiny which can be realized by all who choose to take the proper means and make a reasonable use of them. He recommends detachment as a safeguard and condition of perfect liberty to choose the right means and make a proper use of them. He is far from quarrelling with the scheme of the universe, and asks for no self-denial except as the price of something of greater worth. If he persuades us to say *Sume Domine et suscipe*, it is to increase the confidence of our petition *Da mihi tuum amorem et gratiam; nam hæc mihi sufficit*.

What is wanting in Count Tolstoi's theory of life? Simply, an exterior object for the sake of which to live and work, not only without debasing himself, but with an ever-increasing sense that, work as he may, he can never do enough, and moreover that his work will abide. Tolstoi has failed to find anything like this in the world as he sees it. Nor will any one succeed where he has failed. It is the old story—*vanitas vanitatum*. But there is no avoiding the suggestion of such experiences. May it not be a law of human progress that God shall not be ignored?

5.—FATHER CLANCY.¹

This sketch, like Mr. Shanahan's shop window described in the tenth chapter, "must have been originally calculated to puzzle a stranger, or to impress him with the wealth and variety of good and useful things dispensed from within; or, indeed, it was not calculated to do anything in particular," except, of course, to be published at 6s. As a description of a priest's work among the poor in an Irish provincial town and its neighbourhood, it is a vulgar caricature. Here is a soliloquy put into the mouth of the hero, as he stood, snuff-box in hand, gazing at the aforesaid window:—"Glory be to God; glory be to Him for ever—what a study in social economy—h'mph—no, anti-economy, waste, waste—national thriftlessness and indolence, that's it, that's it. What a study, what a book of sermons! My, my, my! a man can stand here for hours and draw inspiration in bucketsful, bucketsful—whole bags at a

¹ *Father Clancy*. By A. Fremdling. London: Duckworth and Co., 1904.

time. It is absolutely, positively amazing ; it is, it is." Elsewhere a fairly well-to-do tailor has occasion to protect a little girl in the street from the unwelcome attentions of a claimant to relationship. This is the manner of his address to the offender : "Proceed away, ye insolent sample of unruly femininity ! Let the child singly alone instantaneously, or I will procure a policeman directorily."

There are passages in abundance quite as silly as these two. More gravely objectionable are the chapters in which the reader is introduced to the peculiar ways of Fathers Griffin and O'Keefe, the less approachable of the three clergymen who minister in the "parish chapel of St. Vincent's, Leetown." If a background were wanted to set off the virtues of the soft-hearted, simple Father Clancy, there was no need to use mud as the colouring material.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE object of *The Jubilee Manual* (Burns and Oates, Ltd. 65 pp. Cloth, 1s. ; paper wrapper, 6d.) is purely devotional. The idea was—so Father Thurston tells us in his Introduction—to offer "a suggestive scheme of preparation for all who may wish to carry out the prescribed conditions [of the Jubilee] as devoutly as possible." The devotions are made to cover fifteen days ; and appropriate matter for the daily meditation is found in the fifteen points into which Bossuet's *Méditations pour le Temps de Jubilé* are divided. It is the first time these have been published in an English translation ; and the translation is well done. Each meditation ends with a colloquy under the heading *Prayers, Affections, and Resolutions*. In addition to these Meditations of Bossuet the little handbook makes provision for the Jubilee Visits, by borrowing from the approved *Manual of Prayers for Congregational Use* the "Prayers for the Time of Jubilee," &c. Last, but not least, must be mentioned the Introduction by Father Thurston. He tells the reader what it is needful he should know about the Jubilee as an institution.

An old friend in a new dress is *Laurentia, a Tale of the Jesuit Missions in Japan*, by the Lady Georgiana Fullerton. (New Edition. London : Burns and Oates, Ltd.) It should meet with a hearty "Welcome Back."

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (1904, III.)

Contrition in the devotional Literature of the close of the Middle Ages. *N. Paulus.* The Eucharistic Presence. *Father Schmid.* Pope and Council in the Early Middle Ages. *C. A. Kneller.* The attitude of Catholics towards Gospel Criticism. *L. Fonck.* Reviews, &c.

STUDIEN UND MITTHEILUNGEN. (1904, I. II.)

The Influence of the Benedictine Order on Art. *A. Plattner.* Protestant Exegetes and the Virginity of Mary. *P. O. Stark.* Was St. Benedict a Priest? *P. E. Schmidt.* The Cistercians during the Great Schism. *P. Blimetzrieder.* St. Gregory the Great, Monk and Pope. *B. Albers.* The Office of Holy Week and its earlier developments. *K. Ott.* Reviews, &c.

ÉTUDES. (June 5 and 20.)

The Suppression of Teaching by Religious. *J. Burnichon.* Our Poets, the Mirror of the Spirit of our Age. *G. Longhaye.* The Patrimony of the Roman Church in the time of St. Gregory. *J. Doizé.* The Russo-Japanese War. *A. Fauvel.* The Blessed Margaret Mary as her fellow-religious knew her. *A. Hamon.* The Preachers of the Stage. *H. Leroy.* Some Translators of the Psalms. *A. Condamin.* English Philosophy. *H. Léard.* Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (June 4 and 18.)

The Extraterritorial Question at the Vatican. The Abbey of Grottaferrata. The Protest of the Holy See and the Visit of President Loubet. Neo-scholasticism and Modern Psychology. The Christianity of the Gospel and the Christianity of Abbé Loisy. Father Denifle and his Protestant Critics. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (May 28.)

The Papal Encyclical for the Centenary of St. Gregory. *J. Blötzer.* Crime and Moral Responsibility. *V. Cathrein.* Soul and Cerebrum. *J. Bessmer.* Waldseemüller's Map of the World. *W. M. Peitz.* Gilgamesch's Journey to the Stars. *F. X. Kugler.* Reviews, &c.

